Saturday Night

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FRANCES HYLAND: An inner conviction. (Page 4)

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Federal authorities have taken another nibble at the problem of drug addiction in Canada, but they have yet to sink their teeth into the meat of it. The maximum penalty for the illegal sale of narcotics has been doubled, from seven years in prison to fourteen, and the Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare, has announced that all legal imports of heroin, the drug most favored by addicts, will be cut off after January 1, 1955—two measures that are worthwhile but are actually little more than tentative steps in the right direction. Life for the underworld is being made a little more difficult, perhaps, but the conditions that make drug peddling profitable enough for people to run the risk of severe punishment are being largely ignored.

If our society is as interested in eliminating as in punishing crime, the addict should get as much thoughtful attention as the supplier. At present the victim of drugs is classed as a criminal along with the racketeer who peddles the stuff, and gets sent to jail on the theory, apparently, that a term of prison discipline is enough to cure what has become a disease. It seldom

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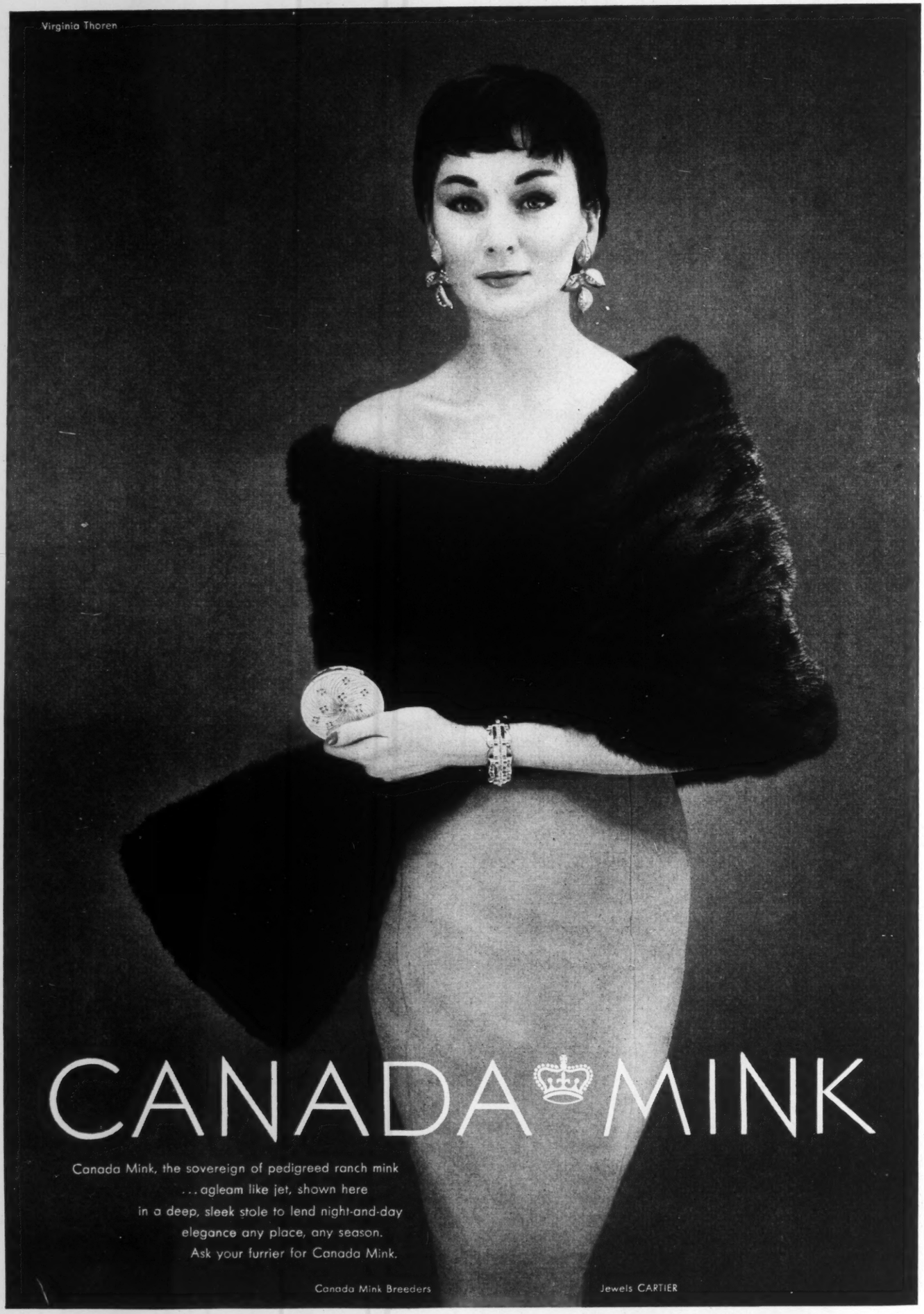
By William Stevenson: Page 7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works out that way, of course; the addict comes back to society, not cured but much wiser in the ways of crime. What is needed in these cases is less punishment and more treatment to restore them to their communities as useful citizens.

A couple of weeks ago a man charged with possessing drugs appeared before Judge Samuel Factor in a Toronto court. He had been an addict, had broken the habit by exercising what a medical specialist described as "unusual will power", but then had suffered an injury which put him in hospital, where he was given injections of morphine. His craving for narcotics was revived, and this led to his appearance in court. Judge Factor, sentencing the man to the minimum term of six months in a reformatory, observed: "I think our whole system is wrong. I think it's senseless and cruel to send men like the accused to the penitentiary, when they are afflicted with this terrible disease." When the prosecutor suggested that a term in penitentiary was indicated, Judge Factor replied, "Do you think that's a cure for drug addicts, to send them to the penitentiary?"

The answer to the Judge's question is simple; it's no cure at all. What is needed is an institution where the victims can be restored to health and good sense—a treatment which, in the long run, will be much less of a drain on society than the present system. Numerically, drug addiction in Canada may not appear to be much of a problem. Mr. Martin has estimated that there are not more than about 3,000 addicts in Canada; others have calculated the figure to be much higher. But even taking the more conservative estimate, the cost to the country must be fantastic—a cost reckoned not only in the dollars spent, in time consumed by law enforcement agencies and in the crimes inspired by the craving for drugs, but in the moral and physical disintegration of human beings.

Arctic Adventure

METEOROLOGISTS, who rarely get the last laugh, have been enjoying one lately at the expense of a Canadian Snow Safari advertised in U.S. papers. The Safari, organized by a Dr. Joseph P. Moody, of the U.S. Indian Health Services, promises adventurers a chance to engage in ice fishing, travelling by dogsled and kayak, and hunting for white whales; all they have to do to garner these joys is to fork out $1,575. The Safari is planned for August, the goal a base camp on the northwest coast of Hudson Bay. The catch is that the point selected by Dr. Moody will be enjoying summer weather in August—there won't be any ice-fishing, the Eskimoes, whales and polar bears will be off on safaris of their own, and little

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will be on view except the Arctic tundra, a depressing sight at best. The adventurers can always park their parkas in Winnipeg, of course, but someone should warn them about substituting citronella for frost-bite lotion in their first-aid kits.

Nine Unknown Men

PRESIDENT Roosevelt fumed at the "nine old men" of the U.S. Supreme Court who held up his New Deal. We prefer to refer more politely to our Canadian Supreme Court judges as the "nine unknown men". Any good lawyer, of course, can give their names and, what always seems so very important, their language and religion. But the public knows very, very little about them, and we think is still quite oblivious to the fact that our Supreme Court must, within the very near future, take over full custody of our constitution. As things stand at

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DOUGLAS ABBOTT: When and whither?

present, anything affecting provincial rights must still be handled in Westminster.

It is this fact, with all the political implications attached to it, which made the report that Finance Minister Abbott was to be appointed the new Chief Justice so interesting. It is true that Chief Justice Rinfret's term expires this month; and it is claimed that Mr. Abbott has bought a house in Ottawa. But it may well turn out that Mr. Abbott is to be merely a justice, as the precedents which would have to be overturned in the other case are rather formidable. The court is made up at present of three French-speaking Catholic members from Quebec, five English-speaking Protestants and one English-speaking Catholic. There may not be more than three members from Quebec, so that the appointment of Mr. Abbott, an English-speaking Protestant from Montreal, would reduce the French side. (We hope things in Canada never come to the pass they have reached in Lebanon, where Christians and Moslems must be balanced exactly all through the government, as they are in the census.) Nor would this situation be changed were Mr. Justice Kerwin, an Ontario member, to be elevated to the Chief Justiceship, as the legal profession has rather expected.

A point which the public will grasp readily, however, is that a politician would be placed in the Supreme Court. Is Canada, then, turning to the American tradition and abandoning the British? In the recent past Mr. J. L. Ilsley, the previous Minister of Finance, became Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, M. Joseph Jean went from the cabinet to the Superior Court of Quebec, and Mr. C. W. G. Gibson followed a similar route to the Ontario Court of Appeal. Earlier, we had Sir William Mulock. But one would have to go back a couple of generations to find a cabinet minister elevated directly to the Supreme Court of Canada. Nevertheless, it has happened; and as for "the British tradition", did not such a famous politician as Lord Birkenhead occupy the Woolsack and head the Privy Council, not so long ago?

We could never dislike Mr. Abbott just because he collected our taxes, and we refuse to be frightened over the prospect that he may become a Supreme Court Justice. Indeed, the bigger issues with which the Court is almost certain to be faced in the near future may demand political judgment of the highest order.

Replacing Mr. Abbott

WHETHER or not Douglas Abbott lands in the Court, he is giving up the Finance Ministry, and must be replaced. In the best of times such replacement would demand a good man; in the rather difficult and uncertain times into which we seem to be heading, it demands a strong and able one. The *Winnipeg Free Press* is so impressed with this need as to declare that the man who is chosen as the next Minister of Finance will have the best opportunity to convince his colleagues that he is the man to succeed to the prime ministership. The prairie paper, one of the staunchest of Liberal supporters, then goes on with quite a remarkable analysis of the present cabinet.

Mr. St. Laurent himself, it says, has not shown his usual calm energy since his journey round the world. The present cabinet is not as strong as it was. "Some of its members have grown old in office; and from others, who are not old, easy

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electoral success has extorted a penalty. There is a certain boredom, an overconfidence that leads to fumbling, a certain cynicism that bodes ill for resolute action in a crisis. Some departments—National Defence, for example, and External Affairs, where the appointment of an Under-Secretary has been under discussion for months—have internal problems which, while they go unsolved, strengthen the impression that the Government is in danger of indecisively losing its way."

The *Free Press* sees the choosing of a successor to Abbott as an opportunity to regroup and strengthen the cabinet. But where is this strong, central figure to come from? The Manitoba paper does not put forward its own Stuart Garson, presently Minister of Justice, as a candidate, although it is known that Mr. Garson wants the job and believes that his record as Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba qualifies him for it. Mr. Abbott's own candidate is Jean Lesage; he went so far as to introduce Lesage during the last election as "the next Minister of Finance, a French-speaking Minister of Finance". There has never been one, since Confederation. Both of these men would seem to be disqualified for the job by the *Free Press's* definition that they ought to be potential successors to the Liberal leadership. Indeed, it seems to us that one of the best prospects the party had for that post is now *leaving* the Ministry of Finance. The man who can carry on the work of Ilsley and Abbott is not going to be easy to find.

Enthusiasm by Order

AFTER everything has been said about Dr. Robert Oppenheimer's political naiveté and choice of personal associates, there remains the rather disturbing complaint of the security board which has refused him clearance, that he did not show enthusiasm for the hydrogen bomb project. The record shows that the majority of the AEC's scientific advisers were against making the H-Bomb, but were overridden by President Truman. Could they then have been expected to be enthusiastic?

Modern Chippendale

WE CAUGHT up with Henry Finkel, the newly-elected president of the Association of Canadian Industrial Designers, on the sidewalk in front of Toronto's Royal York Hotel. He was obviously in a hurry. "I'm on my way to the airport," he said, but while he waited for his taxi, he took the time to tell us that an industrial designer was a combination of an artist and an engineer.

"Essentially," he explained, "our approach is the same as that of a man like Chippendale. I myself try to design as he did, although, of course, mass production makes a real difference to the methods we use. We have to pay attention to problems that never bothered him, such as ease of manufacturing in quantity, control of quality and tool costs."

We intimated that we'd always thought of Chippendale as a cabinet-maker exclusively and that industrial design seemed considerably broader in scope. Mr. Finkel put us straight with quiet efficiency. "He

HENRY FINKEL: The right design.

gave his name to a particular style in furniture," he explained, "but actually he was the true architect, interested in all aspects of design from the house itself to the smallest detail of furnishings and material. The results of such integration of design are just too good to be ignored and I'm glad to say Canadian manufacturers are becoming aware of it. I'm an architect myself, you know," he went on, "and so are a number of the Association's members, but I got into industrial design in the thirties when things were a bit depressed in the architectural field. I even did a stint as manager of a movie theatre—sort of a post-graduate course in public relations."

Now his firm does extrusion designs in aluminum, brass and plastics. "Canada has a chance to do something unique in design because of the materials we've got right at hand—aluminum, titanium, paper and wood. But we're pretty young at this business and the competition from American and European designers is a bit stiff."

We gathered that Mr. Finkel wasn't worried by this. "No," he said. "Competition's a good thing but so's co-operation and that's why ACID works along with the National Industrial Design Council and the Canadian Manufacturers Association. The right kind of design will have a good effect on Canadian trade." We were all set to follow this up, but he hopped into the taxi. "Mustn't miss that plane," he said.

Starring Role (*Cover Story*)

A NEW TYPE of actress is earning the praises of theatre-goers these days. She is young, of no stereotyped pattern of beauty, vibrant, and with an informed intelligence that illumines her roles and communicates intimately and directly with the audience. Canada's contribution to this succession, which includes such players as Audrey Hepburn and Julie Harris, is Frances Hyland who came back from England recently to play in this year's Shakespearean Festival at Stratford. To these qualities Miss Hyland adds her own charm and piquant beauty and even more important, perhaps, the inner conviction that she was born to be a great actress.

This conviction has carried her from the University of Saskatchewan and the Regina Little Theatre to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, a big jump for a girl whose classmates saw her as "small and gangly, with a high, scratchy little voice". It has given her the will to do the work that won her the silver medal at the Royal Academy and that carried her to London's West End and the role of Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. She is still tiny and rather shy, but her voice has deepened and the experience she gained (notably in Sir John Gielgud's production of *The Winter's Tale* for the Edinburgh Festival in 1950 and with Dame Edith Evans in Christopher Fry's new play, *The Dark Is Light Enough*) has given her a confident poise.

Her performance in the Fry play so attracted Dr. Tyrone Guthrie that he offered her the part of Isabella in *Measure for Measure* at Stratford. Reluctantly, she turned it down. However, when he asked her again several months later, the double lure of a role she had always wanted to play and a chance to work under Guthrie's direction in Canada (which, of course, meant a trip home to Regina) was too much and she accepted. Next week Canadian audiences will see her as the gentle, warm-hearted Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew* as well as the austere, cold-blooded Isabella, a part she considers "tremendous".

Personal

WILLIAM STEVENSON, who describes the outlook for jet travel on page 7 of this issue, has been a foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star* and is their expert on aviation. During the past year he has twice won awards for his writings on aeronautical subjects.

Railroad Plans Art Gallery On Wheels

Canadian Pacific Commissions Artists To Paint Murals

MOUNT REVELSTOKE NATIONAL PARK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, BY ROBERT PILOT, RCA.

Eighteen noted Canadian painters are designing mural decorations for new CPR scenic-dome cars. The theme of the series is Canada's national and provincial parks. "Park" cars are scheduled to be in operation this summer and will travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. The artists, selected by Robert Pilot, President of the Royal Canadian Academy, represent all parts of the nation. They include Charles Comfort, A. J. Casson, Edwin Holgate, A. Y. Jackson, Yvonne Housser, and E. J. Hughes. The average size of the scenic-dome car murals is four by seven feet.

RIDING MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK, MANITOBA BY WILLIAM A. WINTER, ARCA.

Eight of the parks depicted in the murals are in British Columbia; two are in Alberta, one each in Saskatchewan and Manitoba; two are in Ontario, two in Quebec and one each in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The parks portrayed will include Waterton, Alberta, by L. Petley-Jones; Laurentide Park, Quebec, by Albert Cloutier; Fundy Park, N.B., by Lawren P. Harris; Algonquin, Ontario, by A. J. Casson; and Yoho Park, B.C., by Harold Beament.

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Outlook for Jet Travel: Puzzles and Progress

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

WHAT MAKES Comets explode? The answer now being sought by five of the world's leading aircraft groups could prove basic to all jet transport. If, in fact, some phenomenon is involved about which we know little, then the future for the commercial use of jet aircraft remains obscure. Two mighty enterprises, British Overseas Airways which flew them and de Havilland which built them, are in serious straits today because they had the courage to pioneer in a field more mysterious than first appeared.

Meanwhile, our civil servants have taken to flying propjet transports in what may seem an unusual spirit of adventure. They are pilots of the Canadian department of transport who have been training on the Vickers Viscount, a British airliner that gets its impetus from four engines in which jet power is geared to conventional propellers.

Because the propjet combination is a sort of compromise between today's piston-engine airliners and the pure-jet Comet types, there's a tendency to lump it in with one or other group. In fact, the propjet (also known as the "turboprop") is a distinct type which may be the more successful from a commercial viewpoint.

It is significant that Trans-Canada Airlines has ordered 15 Viscount propjets and that its senior officials are more excited about this purchase than they have been about any other development in their history. The department of transport has placed an order for one of these $700,000 aircraft and there will be snide remarks passed, no doubt, about this latest piece of luxury service for Canada's homegrown VIPs.

The transport minister, the Hon. Lionel Chevrier, says however: "We need to know more about the effect of the new airliners coming along upon Canada's air traffic routes. The jet age is going to affect us a great deal, and our air inspectors have got to be able to see for themselves how machines like the Viscount must be catered for."

Now Canada's air advisers are far from deficient in their knowledge of *pure*-jet operations. The RCAF has not been ranging around Canada in its two Comets just to provide targets for fighter pilots. The Avro Canada Jetliner (a patented name, by the way) cost the taxpayer $6,648,000 to develop and though this seems a large sum, it may be that we have saved ourselves a great deal more from the lessons learned.

The Jetliner was meant to meet TCA specifications and the designer, Jim Floyd, had in mind for it two powerful Rolls-Royce jet engines, which later proved impossible to buy because the British claimed defence priorities. Floyd had to make do instead with four Rolls-Royce Derwents and this involved fitting two extra engines into the original wing.

Despite these difficulties and the lack of industrial experience from which Canada then suffered, the Jetliner flew within a few days of the Comet's maiden flight. Jimmy Orrell, who did the initial tests, told me later he honestly considered it to be an outstanding machine and his many years of British test-flying made this a worthwhile tribute.

Yet its subsequent history has been less than distinguished. Officialdom found it convenient to blame the pressing need for military planes when the design was junked. Today, the prototype is used for such experimental purposes as, for instance, may be suggested by Defence Research Board doctors seeking practical tests.

The Jetliner must be, on that account, one of the world's most expensive laboratories. Considerable pressure had been exerted to have it flown commercially by TCA, but president G. R. McGregor refused because, in its four-engine form, it was not the machine he requested. Its range was short and this meant no time could be spent between stops at the 30,000-foot levels where jets perform best.

At the same time, it was becoming clear that not nearly enough was known about conditions at these levels. Too many unknown factors would confront the first operators of commercial jet transports and it seemed advisable for Canada to leave the pioneering to countries better able to shoulder the costs.

As befitted private enterprise, however, Canadian Pacific Airlines plunged bravely on and would have been several years ahead of this continent's operators by putting pure-jet airliners on scheduled flights. But its first Comet crashed at Karachi on the delivery flight and a fading wreath bearing the names of the Vancouver crew still lies in the parish churchyard at Hatfield where Comets are made.

Since then, a depressing series of Comet disasters has been climaxed by the two that mysteriously exploded above the Mediterranean earlier this year and the machine's airworthiness certificate has been withdrawn. Nevertheless, CPA has still an order for Comet Mark IIs and it's worth noting, the critics claim, that this larger version has had changes made to the wing suggesting faulty design in the earlier types. Wing characteristics along with pilot error were blamed for the CPA tragedy at Karachi.

Yet the truth is that no one today knows what really caused the Comet crashes. The most significant lesson for the moment is that financial ruin is now a spectre that haunts the manufacturer while BOAC has had to curtail its profitable operations.

Other firms are digesting those facts.

TCA

A VICKERS VISCOUNT in which jet power is geared to conventional propellers. TCA has ordered 15 of these propjets.

FROM SCOTLAND CAME THE QUEEN MARY

Launched from the shipyards of the River Clyde, such ships as the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth, H.M.S. Hood, Vanguard and Repulse have made Scotland famous as the birthplace of great ships.

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The manufacturer of the Viscount prop-jet airliner, Vickers-Armstrong, is having second thoughts about its V-1000 jet transport. The A. V. Roe company is no longer serious about proposals to turn the delta-wing Vulcan jet bomber into the "Atlantic" trans-ocean airliner. The French are going ahead with their own jet airliner in which engines are hung at and below the tail, but Air France was quite prepared to go on operating Comet Is even after the second explosion over Stromboli. Some ammunition has been provided by the Comet disasters for supporters, mostly in the US, of the idea that jet engines should be slung in pods outside the wings so that, if a turbine blade flies loose, it won't smash through other vital parts. This is the theory behind the Boeing 707, the prototype of which has been delayed several weeks in its maiden flight by an accident to the undercarriage. Boeing remains optimistic in its press releases about the new jet airliner, but its executives are watching just as anxiously the all-out investigation to uncover the causes of the Comet crashes.

To bolster fears, the Comet I is unique among jet transports because in two-and-half years of operation each aircraft logged some 3,500 hours. This raises the very serious possibility that whatever did start the explosions over the Mediterranean may be basic to pure-jet aviation; that, in fact, the fault only comes to light after lengthy operation. Our knowledge is limited on the effect upon structural materials of the ultrasonic vibrations caused by jet-engine turbine blades and it may be these waves have a cumulative effect.

For examples chosen at random of the strange things that can happen during jet travel, let me quote two experiences. Last winter, flying from Delhi to London in a BOAC Comet I, I was suddenly impressed by the fact that Comets or any other form of jet transport provided a distinctly different kind of flying—even to that of military jets, because in these one enjoys the sensation of derring-do. Here, however, ordinary folk—a school teacher returning from three years in Hong Kong, an Indian postal telegraphs worker, a young tea-planter with his two children—were sealed within a cylinder shooting four miles above the earth at a speed greater than that of World War II fighters. They read magazines, played cards, chatted in undertones while all around them outside was unbreathable air and such a lack of pressure that without the protection of the Comet's pressurization system they would lose consciousness.

Suddenly, in that clear but darkling blue of the upper skies, there came a startling buffeting. The airliner shuddered as if bouncing over invisible ruts. I remembered a Canadian scientist who said he recorded excessive strains in the Jetliner while flying through clear-air turbulence, but this was different. Comet crews, in fact, call it "running over the stratospheric cobblestones". Perhaps in severer form and with equal lack of warning, it could be dangerous.

A few weeks ago, a test-pilot friend was flying a Sabrejet fighter over Toronto. The air was crystal clear. His speed was in the region of 250 knots but at that high altitude where the air is very thin, this was barely enough to keep the aircraft from stalling. Then without warning, his nine-ton ship flicked completely over on its back. He pulled out in a supersonic dive, but had time to note wisps of cloud at the point where he was so rudely overturned.

"I've noticed this before," he said later. "I suspect that, though you can't see these wisps when approaching from below, they're tell-tale signs of jet streams. I think in this case, I blundered on to the fringe of a jet stream and it simply bowled me over."

Jet streams have been hailed lately as a heaven-sent gift to air voyagers. They are heavenly, but may not be a boon. They are cones of air, as it were, which rush through upper regions at speeds of 200 miles an hour and more. As long ago as 1949, the Calgary test-pilot Bill Waterton was investigating these jet streams over the very regions above the Mediterranean where Comets later crashed. He was, in fact, prospecting ahead of them. The task is being done now over northern Canada because, despite setbacks, BOAC still plans a "Cannonball" route around the world. Part of that route will be across polar Canada.

It's likely now that Bristol Britannias will provide the backbone of this route. The Britannia, like the Viscount, is a propjet carrying a heavier load at a more modest speed than pure-jets.

With so much uncertainty about pure-jet transports, it seems the immediate future lies with the propjet. It is a simpler and lighter engine than the piston and burns kerosene. It does not have to fly at the high speed and high altitudes required by pure-jets and already in the form of the Viscount, it is in regular and safe operation over 40 European routes.

A Canadian airline will introduce it to the U.S. for the first time on scheduled routes when TCA flies Viscounts into New York. My bet is that unless the Comet crashes are clearly proved to result from faulty design or sabotage, it won't be long before the U.S. is following Canada's example and placing its money on propjets too. Already Capital Airlines is planning to fly Viscounts and the Convair aircraft company expects to have conversion kits available by 1956 for operators who want to change existing Convair piston-engine 340s into propjets.

Thus, not for the first time, Canadians seem to be proving canny judges of the future in the air.

Letter from London

Royal Occasions: "Maggit" and "The Frog"

By Beverley Nichols

EVERYTHING seems brighter in London now that the Queen is back; the lilacs in the Park glow a more lambent purple, the laburnums shine a richer gold. And the man in the street walks with a jauntier air.

This is the sort of remark that got me into trouble with the Communist press when I reported the Royal homecoming. I was put top of the list of Fleet Street's sycophants, courtiers, knee-scrapers and royal bottle-washers. This was rather odd, in view of the fact that my report was almost exclusively devoted to the activities of the worker—the little men.

I was lucky enough to be given a launch which sailed down the Thames just before the Queen's arrival, and from the moment we started it was abundantly evident that this was a people's welcome—it was the day of the bargee, the deck-hand, the dockworker, the pilot, and all the tough river-folk to whom the Thames gives life. They made it, and from them came its color and its glory.

Look at it through the Queen's eyes, as she sailed up the proud river. What did she see?

She saw dust heaps that had blossomed out like gardens, with tiny flags stuck all over the muck. She saw coal-barges in which the colliers had thrust flags into the mounds of slack.

She saw ruined, deserted wharves over which somebody—somebody quite anonymous and unimportant—had draped lines of pennants, fluttering their welcome to the world.

She saw stubby fire-floats, and ancient grimy tugs, and unsavory old oil-tankers —all gay and beribboned, as though they had suddenly decided that they were girls again, and were going to a party.

Most moving of all, she saw ships of her former enemies, brilliantly beflagged: the *Albert* from Bremen, the *Otto* from Hamburg, the *Muni* from Naples, and many others, all dressed up to kill, as though they were pleading that bygones should be bygones; as though the Queen of England were a person who, by some mystical process of history, had become a figure transcending national boundaries, a figure to whom all the nations could look up, and reverence, and applaud.

As we drew near the end of our journey, by Blackfriars, my mind went back over the centuries, to another Queen Elizabeth, and to a man who watched her sail along the Thames from his prison window. He was a great man, but he had fallen into disgrace. His name was Sir Walter Raleigh. He stared out at the distant boats and barges, trying to be near her. And, in the words of the historian, "he was transported with passion, and swore that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to ease his mind with but a sight of the queen".

And that is how we all felt, that day on the Thames.

Rapid Grip & Batten

PRINCESS MARGARET, in the prettiest of pink dresses, arrives at the Scala.

Welfare State or no Welfare State, the English still "dearly love a lord". That was made obvious—almost painfully obvious—to those of us who had to fight our way into the Scala Theatre in order to see a band of Mayfair amateurs giving a charity performance of Edgar Wallace's old thriller *The Frog*. It was like a cup-tie final.

Part of the excitement was due to the fact that Princess Margaret was the "assistant producer". Members of the cast tell me that this title was by no means an honorary one; she took her job very seriously indeed, and sat in the stalls for nearly every rehearsal, making quantities of notes in a little book. In order to avoid too many "your royal highnesses" and "ma'ams" she was referred to by the others as "Maggit". She was full of bright ideas, and always on the spot. On the night itself she arrived at the theatre at seven sharp, and swept through the door in the prettiest of pink dresses, followed by her supper in a hamper.

There was only one slight embarrassment. A certain female performer—who must be nameless—had incurred the displeasure of the Princess by making rude remarks about her uncle, the Duke of Windsor. As a result, "Maggit" found it impossible to address this lady directly; all comunications had to be made through a third person.

Otherwise, everything went without a hitch. True, the first act lasted for an hour and a half, and there was rather a lot of match-striking as the glittering audience studied the program to discover the identities of the even more glittering cast. However, their search was well rewarded. A night-club villain proved to be Duff Cooper's son, Viscount Norwich. A prize-fighter was disclosed as the Earl of Carnarvon. Even a tramp who "walked on" was Douglas Fairbanks—the only "pro".

The good-humored nature of the reception was echoed in the notices. One, in *The Daily Telegraph*, by playwright Douglas Hume, may be quoted. After praising the unselfishness of the young actors and actresses, he added: "Indeed the Duke of Devonshire, as the prison governor, acted almost exclusively with his back to the audience. It is a nice back but those who momentarily caught a glimpse of it will agree that his face is just as nice."

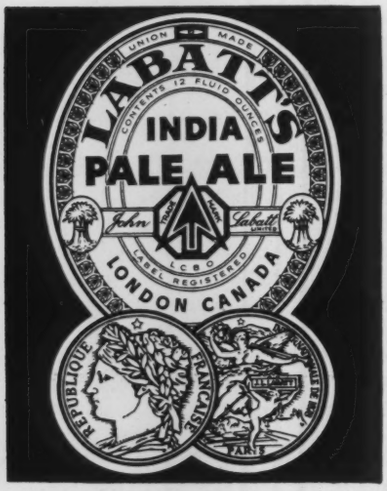
THE coolest person at the Derby was the youth who rode the winner—eighteen year old Lester Piggott on "Never Say Die". When he walked past me in the paddock he was stifling a yawn. He looked like a rather bored cherub. When a friend of mine asked him if he was going to a party that night, to celebrate, he seemed quite surprised. He had not even thought of a party. He would be in bed at 9.15 and up at 7 a.m., as usual.

If ever a lad had racing in his veins, it is Lester Piggott. Keith, his father, was a famous steeple-chaser; Ernest, his grandfather, won the Grand National; two of his great-grandfathers won the Derby, and so did one of his great-great-grandfathers.

These young jockeys are a fine lot of lads. They are trained by a remarkable character called Frank Wootton, who was himself a champion jockey at the age of sixteen. He is as interested in their morals, their mentality, and their general welfare as in their physique. I have been with Wootton on the Epsom Downs, and watched the boys ride by, in the mist of an early summer morning, with the green beauty of the Downs sweeping away into the valleys. I have stood there and seen them file into the distance, with only the sound of the hoofs on the short turf, and

The ALE of a MAN'S dreams

A dream for a MAN—like the dream we all have of an ale that's as mellow and tangy, zestful and satisfying as ales used to be. But pardner, why dream! Labatt's* India Pale Ale brings you that old-time goodness missing from most ales nowadays. Taste it . . . see if I.P.A. isn't the MAN'S drink *you've* been dreaming about. Enjoy it today—at home or in your favourite tavern or hotel. John Labatt Limited.



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

maybe the trill of a lark high above . . . and listened to Wootten talking about his charges as though he were their father. Mornings like that have the whole heart of England in them.

Even if you don't care for racing, you must be something of a dullard if you don't get a kick out of the Derby. It never changes; it remains completely Dickensian—brash, raw, scuffling, virile. It means more to me than any other race, because my own village is only three miles down the road from Epsom, so that I get the overflow of the race, as it were. Sometimes, indeed, the overflow, in the shape of gypsies, is a little embarrassing; it is a bore to have to chase ruffians off the lawn, and there is a limit to the amount of clothes-pegs (proffered by black-eyed maidens in shawls) that one can buy at the front door. Why gypsies make clothes-pegs is a matter that some historian of social England has never explained. But they always have, and they always will, and I shall always buy them, because I love the gypsies. They are passionate individualists in a land where individualism is too often repressed.

OUR "GERONTOLOGY" is not a word that slips easily from most of our lips, but it is a word we are likely to hear with increasing frequency over here, particularly after next month, when gerontologists from fifty countries meet in conference in London.

Gerontology is, of course, the science for dealing with all the problems of old age, and according to Sir Robert Boothby —who is probably the most dynamic and forthright Member of the House of Commons—it is by far the most important social problem confronting Britain today.

He made this statement at a private meeting of writers, artists, and social workers which was held at one of London's most lovely Regency dwellings, Nuffield House. He began his speech with a typical Boothbyism. He said that in the past 48 hours he had been obliged to make speeches on so many varied subjects that he was feeling slightly confused. Only that morning, for example, he had begun with a speech on the humane slaughter of cattle followed by a speech on the possibilities of psychiatric treatment for homosexuals. It was only by great concentration that he had avoided advocating the humane slaughter of homosexuals and the psychiatric treatment of cows. Incidentally, if he *had* made such suggestions, there would have been plenty of ancient members of the House of Lords to applaud.

After this opening flippancy, Bob proved his point to the hilt. Every year, the average age of the population in these Islands is rapidly increasing; in fifteen years the old will outnumber the young. What are we doing about it? Practically nothing. We still cling to the monstrous fallacies embodied in the phrases "Too old at forty"—or fifty or sixty or whatever it is, as if one could measure energy or ability by the color of a man's hair. We seem to be reconciled to the highly alarming prospect of millions of elderly folk, banished to the national shelf, to spend maybe twenty years of life in miserable and totally unproductive retirement.

Bob told his audience of two men whom he met during his tour of the Middle East in 1951 . . . Sir Noel Charles, our ambassador to Turkey, and Sir Clifford Norton, our ambassador to Greece. Both of these men had all the delicate and intricate problems of these countries at their finger-tips, both were *persona grata* with the principal personalities of the country, both were almost aggressively energetic. And yet a thankless country suddenly liquidates them—there is no other word—with the result that one of them retired to brood in the South of France and the other to end his days market-gardening.

Folly could reach no greater height.

Think what the world of music would have lost if, twenty-five years ago, Toscanini had been compelled to throw away his baton! Think what the world of the theatre would have lost if, thirty years ago, Shaw had been told that he was too senile to write any more plays! And think what all civilization would have lost if, in 1939, Winston Churchill had been told, at the age of sixty-five, that he really ought to go home and stay in bed!

•

No Answer

A woodpecker knocked on my skeleton
And found it very hollow
And very thin
Where all my aching marrow
And blood had been.
Then he gave a rap and hopped
To the crown at the top.

"Knock-knock! Who's there?" he spelled.
"'Tis I," my soul replied.
Then he with skill
Hopped down and looked inside,
Cleaning his bill
On my nose (or where it once was)
With a wink and a pause.

"Ho ho!" said he. "What's this? Are you there?"
He cocked his head and clicked.
"How's tricks, mon cher?
I see you've been cleaned and picked
Something rare.
But can you hear it still in that box
When your knees knock?

Ha ha!—in that box, when your knees knock!"
I looked at him through my jaws
And my empty eye,
And got angry, and I was
About to reply—
When he spied an apple tree
And whistled away.

LOUIS DUDEK

Current Account

Report from New Delhi

By Roland Wild

IN THE CONFUSION of Indian traffic, unequalled anywhere else, swirled and broke and stalled at the entry to the Park. Cars, tongas, ekkas, bullock carts, cows, bicycles and pedestrians mingled happily and hopelessly in a great swarm of people. Police gesticulated angrily and without effect. Everyone had something to say. This was a picture of India on a bright spring day, leaderless and confused.

Suddenly, even more chaos. An impatient, wildly-waving figure had pushed the policeman off his rostrum and was directing the traffic. "Fools!" he shouted. "Idiots and rogues! Be on your way!"

The man on the rostrum was, of course, Pandit Nehru, the most impatient man in India. His car had been stalled in the traffic, and there was only one thing to do, only one man to do it. The beloved schoolmaster, scourge of his people, was waving the big stick again. The children loved it, laughed and obliged, and the mass moved on.

How does a restless, impatient man fare in the immense confusion? Many people don't like Nehru, his methods or his manysided manners. Opponents tell of how his enemies have a habit of disappearing into the political limbo. Charges are often vague or novel. Panditji, who is trying to keep his people on their toes, is often accused of standing on his head.

"New Delhi cocktail parties are disgusting!" he charged—and forthwith attended one. "Luxury must never be seen around a Minister!" he averred — and critics at once pointed to elaborate plans for his tours, equivalent to those of a prince. The Prime Minister smiled wryly, and turned to something else.

Some of the confusion common twenty years ago appears to have vanished. New Delhi, the great white and red sandstone city of Sir Edwin Lutyens, used to echo with the roar of cannon as the Princes arrived in special trains, each heralded by a salute of guns according to his rank. Railroad directors at these times suffered considerably, for the auspicious instant of arrival was dictated for each potentate by a soothsayer after an examination of the stars. A CPR vice-president would have developed ulcers.

Today, the Princes have merged elegantly into the background. On pensions ranging from $400,000 a year to a miserable $18,000, they can idle their time away on their vast terraces, in their age-less jungles. Economy, after all, is a comparative word.

Other confusions remain as of old. There is little change in the warnings of famine through over-population save for the addition of a few noughts—and we are used to strings of noughts in India. The population is increasing at the rate of five million souls a year, according to the latest count. At this rate, the country needs 800,000 tons of extra food every year. Now, more than ever, one strange phenomenon of India stands out for the visitor; wherever he is, in the depths of

Miller Services

RAJKUMARI AMRIT KAUR: No Government can interfere with procreation.

the forest, in jungle or on the deserts, within five minutes he will see a human being approach to stare at him. That is the meaning of over-population.

Yet what does the Government say about this? "The process of procreation is a natural process between man and wife, and no Government can interfere with it," said the Health Minister, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur. "I do not take a gloomy picture of the future. I am the last person in the world to recommend the methods for birth control adopted in the West. There are countries in the world where contraceptives are used to such an extent that women have become barren. It leads to immorality and I do not want my country to follow this."

At the same time, the Government approves of clinics where the rhythm theory of control is explained. Research will soon be conducted on other methods of control. But the measure of the problem of instruction is illustrated by another strange activity towards the same end, factories are turning out simple wooden counting machines, under the sponsorship of a private birth control society, that will enable the uneducated woman to keep track of the rhythmic periods. Perhaps the strange lunar abacus will decrease that figure of five million births a year.

How will more food be produced? Not, apparently, through any betterment in the condition of the cattle or in their economic use. Cattle, indeed, compete with the people for the sparse food available. For a population of 360 million, there are no less than 219 million beasts, or a third of the world's cattle. But for every human, there are only 5.3 ounces of milk per day.

The future looks worse instead of better. Pasture lands are being denuded, which means leaner cattle. Since the cow is too weak to work if it is to give milk, the buffalo is also kept both for milk and work. Thus two animals are maintained where one would suffice. The cow is kept chiefly for bullocks, but in time of famine the bullock is fed first, then the buffalo, and then the cow. India cannot afford separate animals for milk and work.

Since the emotional and religious instinct intrudes, and India would not countenance the slaughter of even wasteful animals, the Government suggests the segregation of old and useless cattle in out of the way places. As a first step, four hundred thousand cattle would be sent out to graze, the males being castrated. One State estimated that it would take 43 per cent of the available grazing land to put the plan into operation.

These, the two oldest and major problems of India, give little cause for optimism. But apart from the unmistakable sense of urgency to be seen on every side, the impatience which Nehru seems to have transmitted through the ranks, and the desperation with which Indians are pushing forward with their Five Year Plans — apart from this general atmosphere, there are isolated items of promise.

Thus, it is impossible to attend the House of the People in New Delhi without admiring the perseverance with which delegates wrestle with the English language. They correct each other good-humoredly, suggest other phrases, laugh at each other's tortured, mixed metaphors. It is apparent that many more are becoming literate. The figure is rising rapidly every year, so that even in Rajasthan, the backward collection of ex-Princely States, ten per cent of the population is said to be literate. The newspapers still slide dangerously down the slopes of metaphor and print amusing gaffes. "Stoned to death by merry-making crowds," read an intriguing headline.

Ottawa Letter

Tariff Troubles Ahead

By John A. Stevenson

THE RESUMPTION of outdoor work since the spring thaw has not produced the decline in unemployment which had been hoped for. In certain areas it is still so serious that pressure for special measures of relief is persistent. There has been no real recovery of our waning export trade. The Government, and the producers of lead and zinc, are anxiously fearful of a further curtailment in exports, particularly if President Eisenhower decides to implement the recommendation of his Tariff Board that the American duties on these metals should be sharply increased. It is also plain from the President's recent actions that hopes of any liberalization of American tariff policy have gone. The fate of fish fillets, another substantial item in our exports to the United States, hangs in the balance.

Moreover, thanks to our high levels of wages and prices, many Canadian manufacturers are finding themselves hard pressed to cope with foreign competition, which has become extremely formidable. When Harold Turner, the President of the Canadian General Electric Co. spoke to the annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers Association in Jasper recently, he ascribed the success of its foreign competitors to superior management, better relations with labor, the more effective collaboration of financial institutions and a more realistic appraisal of the needs of industry and business by their Governments in framing fiscal policies.

But most of our embarrassed manufacturers seem to pin their faith upon higher protection as their only chance of salvation and this remedy runs contrary to the prescriptions of the official program of the Liberal party and its traditions about tariff policy. The woollen industry is only one of many clamoring for better protection. Our Tariff Board has before it an agenda of applications which will keep it busy for the rest of the year. To the woollen industry, which at the moment is the most depressed, the Government has made a hopeful gesture by instructing the Tariff Board to conduct an inquiry into the operation of Tariff Item 554 (b), which covers "woven fabrics composed wholly or in part of yarns of wool or hair n.o.p."

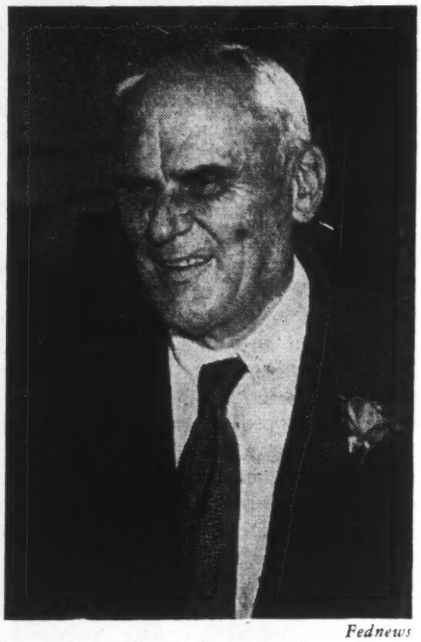
Our woollen manufacturers contend that the great damage to their fortunes has come from a steadily increasing inflow of British woollen goods, which get the British preferential rate on this item, fixed since 1948 at 20 per cent, plus 12 cents per pound, with a maximum limit of 50 cents per pound appended; they denounce as "anomalous and unrealistic" a scale of duties against British woollens, which only averaged 16 per cent in 1953, or less than half the scale of 33 per cent levied in 1937. A re-examination of the tariff schedules of the GAAT is due in about six months and on the ground that the Government will desire to give special consideration to tariff item 554 (b), Mr. Abbott has ordered the Tariff Board to supply it with all relevant information about the condition of the Canadian woollen industry and the implications for Canada's economy of imports of wool fabrics from Britain.

The inquiry is to be solely of a fact-finding nature and the Board is to make no recommendations about tariff changes, but even this modest gesture for the appeasement of the woollen manufacturers has moved the *Winnipeg Free Press* to deliver a stern lecture to the Government about the iniquity of even contemplating any increase on the duties on British woollens or on any other kind of British goods.

THE decision of our Wheat Board to keep step with the cut of 10 per cent in the export price of wheat decreed by the Government of the United States was inevitable and it was equally inevitable that it would create a great uproar in the West and that all the parties in opposition would seize greedily upon this opportunity to make political capital out of the obvious discomfiture of the Government.

Their first two attempts to move a special adjournment of the House to discuss the problem were frustrated by rulings of the Speaker, but Mr. Drew could not be denied the right to move an amendment, which demanded from the Government an immediate declaration of its policy for marketing our wheat surplus. His arraignment of the Government's policy was mild by comparison with the denunciations levelled at it by western members of his own and other parties; they accompanied their charges of mismanagement and folly by demands for policies that would avert a disaster now threatening the whole economy of Canada.

Mr. Howe, who undertook the main burden of defending the Government, had



Fednews

C. D. HOWE: Shed some of his jaunty confidence about wheat.

shed some of his former jaunty confidence about the wheat situation, but he refused to don any white sheet of repentance or be discouraged about the outlook. The gist of his defence was that the present impasse was due solely to the bounty of nature in giving the prairie country three superabundant harvests. In the period from the start of the present crop year on August 1, 1953, up to May 26, the total volume of our exports of wheat and wheat flour was placed at 207 million bushels. This was just about the average for the decade preceding the last three years of bumper crops. But Mr. Howe did not manage to appease his critics and if forebodings that the recent cut in the price of wheat is the forerunner of others prove correct, the Government will be faced with a tremendous clamor from the West to keep inviolable the present basic price of $1.40 per bushel.

A story written by Arthur Blakely, the Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* has caused a great uproar among the Liberals. It confirmed our diagnosis that Prime Minister St. Laurent is a tired and rather distracted man and suggested that he is finding his burdens so arduous that he contemplates an earlier retirement from politics. The vehement denial of this story, however, is accompanied by an admission that his global tour by air did exact a certain toll of his health and that for the recovery of his former vigor he needs a long, complete rest during the summer. It may well be that the strain of the tour and his worries about the quarrel with Mr. Duplessis have produced a physical condition that a good rest can cure, but there is general agreement that there has been a marked decline in the vigor of Mr. St. Laurent's leadership as the session has progressed.

Foreign Affairs

Is The Balance Shifting Against Us?

By Willson Woodside

THE AMERICANS really ought to manage better. They could surely have arranged to deal with McCarthy in some way that would not have distracted public attention for weeks on end during one of the most fateful postwar periods. For it is all too plain that we are in for another grim period like that of 1948-50, facing grave reverses that will endanger the free world and call for new decisions and new efforts, and renewed courage and coolness.

For some weeks now the able and well-informed Alsop brothers have been warning in the *New York Herald-Tribune* with all the urgency at their command that the world balance was turning against the West. If Indo-China is allowed to fall, they say, the breakdown in the strategic balance, staved off by our stand in Korea, will be "total and disastrous". At the same time the weapons balance is shifting sharply in favor of the Soviets, who have now brought out a long-range jet bomber two years earlier than we had estimated, and will have within some 18 months a decisive air-atomic striking power, which they are able to use suddenly and secretly.

On top of this, the Soviets are held by the Alsops to be ahead of our side in the development of intercontinental guided missiles, which, with hydrogen-bomb warheads now available, could prove to be the ultimate weapon. This shift in the weapons balance, they maintain, makes the shift in the strategic balance "immeasurably more dangerous and alarming. History teaches, and the rule has no known exception, that a decisively unfavorable turn in the total power balance leaves only two choices open to a nation on the losing end: surrender or a war of despair."

The Alsops make it clear that there are highly placed people in Washington who see the situation in this light and are not disposed to sit around and watch our present air-atomic advantage be dissipated. "Apologetic yet quite serious talk about a preventive showdown with the Soviet bloc is beginning to be heard in high quarters."

Joseph C. Harsch takes this up in an impressive series of articles in the *Christian Science Monitor*. He notes that the preventive war theme was launched by John Cowles, publisher of *Look* and president of the Harvard Alumni, with the proposal that the U.S. offer "complete disarmament with continuous and effective international control" to the Soviets, and if they refuse this, "go to war to destroy the mainsprings of Communist imperialism".

Far more significant was the speech delivered twelve days later by the U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Robert Carney. He is described as a man of intellect, reason, calmness and sanity, more than usually versed in the political phases of world problems, never a swashbuckler. Here is what he said. "The threats to our security in the past were trivial compared to that of today. . . . With each additional

Wide World

GRUENTHER in Ottawa: The soft-spoken NATO commander said: "Let's not cringe before Soviet might".

gain by the Soviet world and each subtraction from the free world the balance becomes more and more heavily weighted against us. If this is continued there can be no other conclusion than that we would ultimately be in a position far inferior to the coalition that is dedicated to our destruction."

The alternatives which face us, he said, are to do nothing, to rush around plugging holes in the dike, or to take measures to lower the pressure against the dikes. We are approaching the decision on this, the "fork of the road", at high speed, and with little time to spare, and there can be no turning back if we take the wrong turn. "How can we possibly blind ourselves to the ultimate end of that arithmetical process which will finally leave us in a position from which we cannot recover?"

In some private and official quarters, this professional estimate of the situation is being used to justify a call for "preventive war", just as in 1949-50, when the Soviets got the A-Bomb years ahead of our expectation and at the same time swept China from our side of the balance to theirs.

The political leaders of the U.S. Government are, however, openly opposing this attitude. Mr. Dulles said at Williamsburg a month ago that "No man has the right to assume that he sees the future so clearly that he is justified in concluding either that war is inevitable or that methods of conciliation are futile". He went on to give his view that the Soviets will make concessions when they face an opponent who is strong, that in the long run they cannot hold down 800 million people, that there is much unrest under the surface in the USSR, that the very frightfulness of the new weapons will caution strongly against their usage, and that "just as freedom is contagious, so, too, is faith contagious".

All this may be borne out, says Harsch, providing the Soviets continue to remain checked by "an opponent who is strong". But the whole Dulles case collapses if the Soviets should decide that the strength is going out of the Western alliance. What must we do, what will it take, to redress the balance which has been going against us? Harsch doubts that our side is prepared or able to make such another big surge of effort, as it made after Korea, to redress the shifting balance of 1948-49.

He rests his hope on increasing U.S. military strength, holding the Western alliance together, and "maintaining the confrontation" until the day when, perhaps, internal strains will weaken the USSR and its ties with China, and the contagion of freedom and faith will spread among the present minions of the Soviets.

Undoubtedly this is a valuable analysis of the present situation. My only criticism is that it is defensive-minded, as most of our thinking has been since the Soviet menace was publicly discovered in March 1947, and met by the Truman Doctrine. It ignores what I have believed for years must be two of the strongest elements in our policy: steady progress towards building a true Union of as large a part of the free world as possible, and support for the hope of liberation which we know to persist among the minority peoples of the USSR and the satellite nations.

Let us once convince the Soviets that our side wouldn't crack, while theirs might, and we can stop worrying about war.

Records

The Evolution of Swing Music

By George Frazier

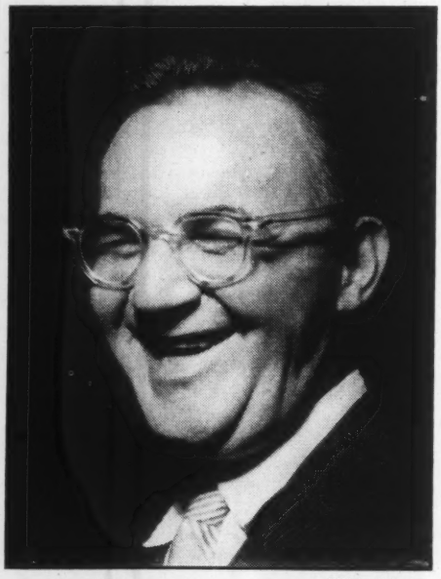
AS ONE WHO GREW UP in the faraway time of such irresistible pleasures as those afforded by the likes of Don Redman, Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Ben Pollack, Chick Webb, Joe Haymes and Benny Goodman, I am a shameless reactionary in my attitude toward most contemporary dance bands.

Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination, for example, could I be identified as even a mild partisan of the nonsense perpetrated by the Sauter-Finegan holocaust, although I'm not above a grudging admiration for one whimsical member, who likes to rise from his chair, gazes compassionately at the frustrated couples trying to keep time to the chameleon-like rhythms, and inquires, "Why don't you people dance something we can play to?" Him I approve of. Otherwise, though, I take a brimstone view of Sauter-Finegan and would, I'm sure, feel a lot better if RCA Victor were to amalgamate it with another of its contractees, the bore of a band led by Ralph Flanagan, and call the resultant monstrosity the Finegan-Flanagan band. At least we'd have a few laughs. Until that happens, however, I have no intention of curbing my wilful and persistent nostalgia—not even for such none-too-inspired-or-inspiring outfits of yesteryear as Paul Whiteman's and the Casa Loma.

As a moldy fig, I shall continue to cherish the memory of lakeside pavilions and posh hotel rooms and teeming dance halls and all the high-wrought music with which they reverberated on bygone nights. I shall remember Goodman at the Pennsylvania, Ellington at the Cotton Club, Henderson at the Savoy, and Redman at Nutting's-on-the-Charles. For that was a magical time, when all the world was lovely and young and abundant—or so at least it seemed—with devastating-looking girls who compounded the enchantment by responding with the proper enthusiasm to the massive grandeur of Bunny Berigan, the rich burr of Jack Teagarden, and always, of course, the silvery explosions—those bursts of ecstasy trailing off into wisps of an ineffably gallant sorrow that colored all our yesterdays —of poor Bix Beiderbecke. What, please, has become of those girls? But at least there is the satisfaction of *quorum magna pars fui* and of having profited from the ageless wisdom of *haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

All of which would be mere reminiscing in tempo were it not for the fact that the record companies seem to be of rather the same mind. At any rate, they have recently been reissuing, on LPs and with noticeable acoustical refinements, a number of faces by some superlative dance bands of quite a few years back. Last month was especially rewarding in that respect.

By what would seem to have been more than mere happenstance, Benny Goodman was a member of two of the greatest white bands of all time—Ben Pollack's in the late twenties and his own of a decade or so later. Now, with the reissuance on two LPs of some of their most representative work, we have an incomparable opportunity not only to compare the two groups and thereby to get a pretty good idea of the evolution of swing music, but also to examine in some detail the development of Goodman as a clarinetist.



Wide-World

BENNY GOODMAN: The most accomplished clarinetist who ever lived.

The Pollack band, which is to be heard on RCA Victor's new Label "X" (*sic*)—a laudable enterprise devoted to resurrecting a portfolio of some of the best jazz records ever made—was far and away the most exciting white band in a barrelhouse era that was replete with such Negro groups as Henderson's (which had Coleman Hawkins on tenor saxophone, trumpeters like Joe Smith and Tommy Ladnier, and a superb rhythm section) and Ellington's (which was a thing of fierce beauty in the resonant nights when Tricky Sam's trombone made an enchanted jungle out of the old Cotton Club "in", as the radio announcers used to say, "the heart of Harlem").

Ben Pollack's band was hardly in a class with the best of the colored groups, but it had its points. There was something kind of heroic about it, which was as it should have been, since it was an intrinsic part of the wild beauty that was the twenties. It fitted wonderfully well into the age of champions, so that hearing it now—on Label "X" and across the sweep of years—one is reminded of Ruth and Dempsey and Tilden, of Scott Fitzgerald's fulfilment and Hemingway's bright promise, of the Charleston and all the lovely, lovely girls who danced it, their cheeks flushed with excitement and their eyes glistening with the pleasure of merely being alive at such an epic time.

Ben Pollack's band contributed to the necromancy. Among its personnel were youngsters who were later to achieve authentic greatness—Pollack himself on percussion, and a more rock-solid man never lived (and he alone is enough to make *The Glenn Miller Story* a valid movie); Jack Teagarden, Texas in his voice and trombone; Jimmy McPartland, whom Bix called the best white cornetist; Glenn Miller, who was one day to lead the most popular dance band in history; and Goodman, whose first recorded clarinet solo was on Pollack's *It's the Last Word,* which was made in 1926 and can now be appraised on Label "X".

Heard now, almost a quarter of a century after its heyday, the Pollack band sounds dated, almost old-fashioned. Its arrangements seem jerky and about the whole presentation there is an element of raz-mah-taz — of vo-do-dee-o-do, as it were, with a girl singer in direct apostolic succession to Helen Kane and a vocal trio that must have studied the Rhythm Boys assiduously. Yet for all such shortcomings, the band has its lofty moments, when, acknowledging the dignity of creative man, it gives its improvisers free rein. In such moments, it is something pretty special.

The Benny Goodman who participated in those enduring moments was a fantastically inventive clarinetist. Like the band itself, however, he was rather rudimentary. In the decade that was to pass before he formed his own group, he was to acquire a virtuosity, discipline, and depth that have shaped him into the most accomplished clarinetist—jazz or classical —who ever lived. To compare his solo on *It's the Last Word* with his work of some ten years later in the batch of reissues that comprise RCA Victor's *This Is Benny Goodman* is to observe the portrait of the artist as both boy and man. And to compare the two bands is to appreciate his

achievement as a leader. It was extraordinary. The ensemble of *This Is Benny Goodman* had, besides imaginative soloists, crisp, slashing brass, feathery reeds, a rhythm section sparked by Gene Krupa, and an exquisite lyrical quality. My own favorite of all the faces here is *Wrappin' It Up*, which has superb Goodman and Bud Freeman as well as a mounting excitement that achieves a climax almost too much to bear.

There is, incidentally, another Goodman LP out this month—this one, on Capitol, a collection of small group performances recorded *circa* 1947. Even the presence of an unresponsive accordion cannot destroy the overall appeal. The high spot, at least to me, is Jess Stacy's piano in *I'll Always Be in Love with You*. The reproduction, incidentally, is magnificent. At this point I am reminded to put in an unrestrainedly enthusiastic word for the sound of the Kelton Cambridge phonograph, which, at approximately $230, is beyond any doubt the best instrument in its price field. This is authentic high-fidelity and I shall have more to say about it in a future piece.

Meanwhile, I should call your attention to several other releases of the month. I particularly enjoyed an Angel LP by Charles Trenet, which includes a haunting rendition of a lovely number called *Madame La Pluie;* an RCA Victor LP of some redolent tunes played brilliantly by the young pianist, Barbara Carroll; an LP on the same label by a superlative jazz band led by Brad Gowans; a Walden LP called *Gershwin Rarities*, which recalls such neglected delights as *Isn't It a Pity*, which is sung by Kaye Ballard with beautiful sensitivity; a Columbia 12" LP devoted to four incredibly exhaustive performances by the pianist, Erroll Garner; and a Capitol single 45 RPM of *When Did You Leave Heaven* in a vibrant reading by Betty Reilly.

•

Voice of Dusk

One sound at dusk, all voices one
After the going down of sun—

Horn of insect, bullfrog's drum
Rounded to a vocal sum,

Bird and star song, tramping feet
Tangled in a rhythmic beat,

Silver tongue and golden throat
Muted to a single note.

How still it is! we say, aware
Of silence loud upon the air,

Stillness that even as it mocks
The omnipresent paradox

Pours into heart's day-emptied husk
The diapason of the dusk.

MYRTLE REYNOLDS ADAMS

Pursuant To...

Goodness Gracious, Garner

IN A RECENT ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT, Hugh Garner's Television column took the motion picture industry to its grave and there, instead of gently dropping flowers on the departed, threw dirt in its face. I quote: "Let's face it, movies are a fast vanishing phase of folk entertainment, and the proprietors of neighborhood movie-houses are relying for nourishment on several generations of wadded gum stuck beneath seats, and the cindered residue from the waste pans of their pop-corn machines". That statement should have closed the theatres with the popping effect of the once busy pop-corn machines.

To my bewilderment I found that only one neighborhood movie-house has closed in Canada during the last month. Further, Dominion Bureau of Statistics charts show that movie-houses have one of the lowest "failure in business" rates of any small business enterprises in Canada. Then, Hugh, to cap it all I read the following statement in the *Canadian Film Weekly:* "By the end of this year there will be close to 2,000 standard 35mm. theatres in Canada, according to latest trade figures. Some 1,925 are in operation now, with 19 others under construction and 13 more in the planning stage. Last year 52 new theatres opened. Additionally, drive-ins now total 182, of which 78 were opened last year, and at least 20 new ones are in prospect for 1954."

Somehow, friend Garner, that does not look as though the movies are a fast vanishing form of folk entertainment. Let's look at it from still another point of view, the view of the ultimate critic who buys tickets for his entertainment. Twentieth Century-Fox studios reported on March 31 that their net earnings for 1953 were $4,650,887, equal to $1.65 a share, compared with $2,178,117 or 78 cents a share for 1952. And in case you feel such an increase was due to the novelty of CinemaScope alone, we might take a look at the earnings of another company, Loew's (M-G-M). The first half of their current fiscal year brought a net profit of $3,199,066, equal to 62 cents a share, an increase of 32 per cent over the corresponding period of 1952. Paramount, Columbia, Warner's and Universal-International reports carry essentially the same increases.

Suppose we analyse another of your statements, Hugh. Your opening one, for instance: "After watching the presentation of the Academy Awards over TV we are convinced that Hollywood should be chosen as the site of all future hydrogen bomb tests; the loss to arts and sciences would be practically nil, and the contamination falling on this Bagdad of Boobery would pay back in small measure for the contamination of millions of human lives by the alpha and beta rays of forty years of Hollywood mush."

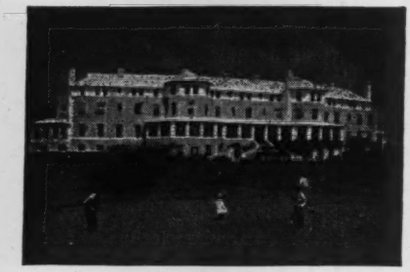
Golly, Garner, you really dislike movies, don't you? Well, let's see what the public thinks about them. It has long been supposed that *Gone with the Wind* was the most popular and successful motion picture in history. In its first 52 weeks it played 5,450 theatres for a film rental of $13,500,000. In contrast *The Robe* in its first 25 weeks (less than half the time) played 1,451 theatres (slightly more than 25 per cent of the theatres) to a film rental of $27 million (double the money). In addition, during the past year such pictures as *The Greatest Show on Earth, From Here to Eternity, How to Marry a Millionaire, Stalag 17, Shane* and numerous others have outpaced *Gone with the Wind* for a similar period, and it now appears 1954 records will show the one time champion to be far down the list in all time public approval at the box office. Some of the more recent releases such as *Rose Marie, Dial M for Murder, Knock on Wood, Executive Suite, The Glenn Miller Story, Prince Valiant* and others are breaking all box office records in their opening engagements. In spite of 50 million TV sets in the homes of North America, 55 million people are going to the movies every week, paying out money to enjoy this "contamination from the Bagdad of Boobery". . .

FINALLY, let's examine your plaint regarding the sale of old movies to TV. Radio turned to transcriptions to fill the endless hours of broadcasting. There was not talent enough or money enough to fill that time with live programs. TV has discovered an even greater cost per program. Movies, like transcriptions, were an answer. So far, 2,900 old motion pictures have been sold to TV. In the vaults of Hollywood there remain only 2,600 others that represent potential TV purchase. So, cheer up, Hugh, you have passed the halfway mark. You can weather the storm by being more selective in your TV viewing and spend your other hours enjoying the outstanding films now reaching our theatres from Hollywood.

DON HENSHAW

Famous as Bermuda Itself!

THE *Mid-Ocean Club*



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Shake well and strain into an 8-oz. glass with one cube of ice. Add soda water, stir.

54R-1

Films

Top of the Heap

By Mary Lowrey Ross

THE NOTE for *Executive Suite* is struck with the opening shots of the suite itself, an early Nineteenth Century note, faintly ecclesiastical in feeling. There is no modern nonsense about this fine antiquated setup, which looks, with its gothic windows, its carved grillwork and pipe-organ hangings, like the secular offices of a wealthy church. This, it seems, is the way it was originally arranged by its late President, Avery Bullard, a flourishing industrialist and charter member of the generation that claimed God as senior partner.

Avery Bullard dies in the opening sequence, and the action of the film centres about the choice of his successor. The competition that develops, with every sub-executive his own, or his wife's, first choice for the Presidency, is sometimes dignified, sometimes dirty, but invariably deadly. As screen material this is both exciting and novel, and until the final sequence it is handled with a vigor and clarity that may be occasionally mechanical, but is rarely dull.

The cast, which includes Fredric March, William Holden, Louis Calhern, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, Dean Jagger, along with Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson and Shelley Winters, could hardly be more impressive. Yet oddly enough, the film's chief weakness seems to lie in characterization. With two exceptions the half-dozen candidates for the head-office are dim figures, whom the late Avery Bullard, if he was half the man the story implies, would have relegated to the outer office and kept there for life.

The two exceptions here are Candidates Fredric March and William Holden. As a bookkeeping expert who is prepared to lie, knife and blackmail his way into the presidency, Mr. March is brilliantly consistent. Scratch the surface of this shiny executive and all you come upon is layer after layer of veneer, each layer shinier and more malignant than the last. William Holden is scarcely less aggressive, but his energy has a touch of theatricalism and though he is a man of principle, the principles are largely of the kind that flourish on paper and in speeches. His final appeal to his fellow-executives is based on one of those familiar simplifications that Hollywood always falls back on at the end of its soul-searching. In this case, the notion seems to be that an industrialist can best fulfil his duty to God and his neighbor by building occasional tables whose legs can't be wrenched off in the heat of argument. This brings us back full circle to the ideals of Avery Bullard and rounds the film off with fine, implausible consistency.

Among the feminine stars, only June Allyson, as a sub-executive's wife straight out of Mrs. Dale Carnegie, comes through the fracas relatively unscathed. The rest seemed to be having a pretty dismal time in a world of warring males.

Saadia, a Technicolor production photographed in North Africa, presents Rita Gam as a Moroccan belle, Cornel Wilde as a native sheik educated at the Sorbonne, and Mel Ferrer as an idealistic but rather dispirited French doctor.

Rita Gam looks very striking in her robes and turbans but this hardly compensates for the ineptitudes of the picture.

IN CASE you'd like to borrow trouble from the atomic age, Warner Brothers have provided us with a little horror study called *Them. Them* (there seems no way here of getting round the syntax) are a race of giant ants bred by radiation from the first atomic bomb to fall in New Mexico. They live on human flesh, preferably spread with sugar, they have a wing-spread of twelve to fifteen feet, and though you might expect them to have the gestation period of elephants, they actually breed like houseflies. As presented here they are hairy, blown-up apparitions that announce themselves with a cheerful jingle, like sleighbells. This makes the whole thing seem rather like a Macy Christmas parade and helps to modify the horror.

Fortunately, a professor of entomology (Edmund Gwenn) turns up to help locate the habitat of the new species. The ant-hill is flushed out with bazookas and cyanide, but two of the queen ants escape. Luckily, one is discovered aboard a freighter and the other in the sewerage system of Los Angeles. They are wiped out with their broods, the last egg is hard-boiled by a flame-thrower, and the human race is temporarily saved.

As it turned out Professor F. A. Urquhart, a real entomologist from the Royal Ontario Museum was on hand to explain to the preview audience that the breeding of these phenomena was quite out of the question, both atomically and anatomically. This left everyone feeling a little more relaxed.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

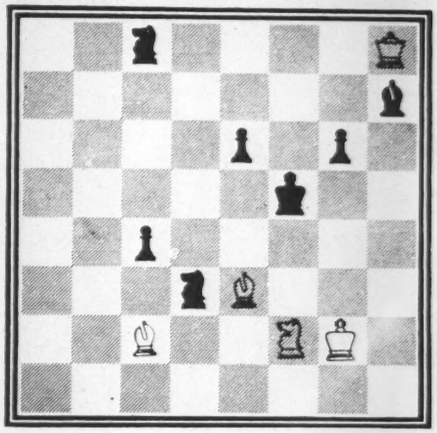
GREATEST OF ALL composers of the Bohemian School, Miroslav Havel was born at Teplitz, Bohemia, Nov. 7, 1881, and has lived in Prague since 1884. His real surname is Kostal. Havel's first problem appeared on May 1, 1898. At that time Bohemia was full of rising talent, but Havel's problems were of such high quality that they easily surpassed those of his contemporaries.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 70.

1.B-R8, P-R7; 2.R-B6, KxP; 3.R-B1 mate. 1.B-R8, PxP; 2.R-Kt7, P any; 3.R-R7 mate.

A doubling of the Loveday Indian theme, with the key piece passing over the critical squares KB6 and KKt7. If 1 . . . , K-Kt8, then 2.R-Q6ch, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 71, by M. Havel.



White mates in three.

Above is a 1914 Havel first prize-winner. The black King has two flights after the key-move.

• •

You Supply the Title

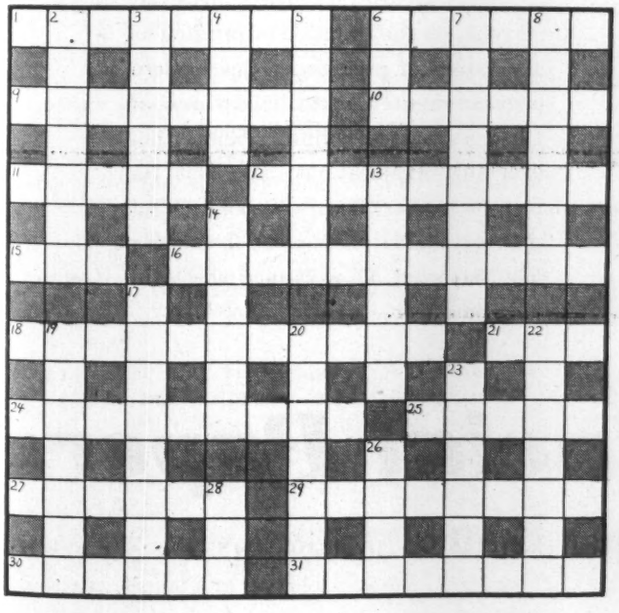
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 21
6. See 15
9. Eisenhower, losing his head, would show what he is at the White House. (8)
10. The people the schoolboy thought all lived in hamlets? (6)
11. A horse to caper? (5)
12. See 3
15, 31, 15, 6. Enigiroba? (3,6,2,3,6)
16. Pirates' footmen who worked for nothing? (11)
18. What he trains are no longer cubs. (11)
21, 1, 19. Suggests woman may win in play by not being upright. (3,6,2,7)
24, 2. Chivalrous gentlemen of clean habits? (7,2,3,4)
25. But this donkey doesn't make his home with the rabbits. (5)
27. Suitable living-quarters for confectioners? (6)
29. Those of Euripides led him to state that second ones are ever wiser. (8)
30. One 1 do what the R.A. needs to make her name. (6)
31. See 15

DOWN

2. See 24
3, 12. Metal worker who wrought 21, 1, 19? (6, 9)
4. Structure she'd maintain to the letter. (4)
5. A consequence of issue? (7)
6. Get drowsy up the Russian River? (3)
7. Though not as rich as a 12, he still shows his mettle, by the sound of it. (8)
8. It is in a face-saver worn by 24 old. (7)
13. "How doth the little busy bee" doesn't apply to them. (6)
14. Suggests, theatrically, a cue on time saves line. (6)
17. Dealing with a chemical element, ten got badly stung at first. (8)
19. See 21
20. Yet "So long" is, compared with "I'll be seeing you". (7)
22. He bade goodnight to a "sweet prince". (7)
23. But not a tug-boat. (6)
26. Surely not a condition of the author of 15, 31, 15, 6. (4)
28. This easy clue wouldn't be possible without the answer. (3)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Seventies
6. Older
9. Man-eating tigers
10. Adlai
11. Mar
12. Lemon
13. Insight
16. Lassies
18. Elm tree
20. Machete
22. Sward
23. Ice
25. Apart
27. Leicester Square
28. Mists
29. President

DOWN

1. Summarize
2. Venal
3. Nearing
4. Idiom
5. Sugarplum
6. Orioles
7. Dreamlike
8. Resin
14. Summaries
15. The big top
17. Sweetmeat
19. Redress
21. Charqui
22. Salem
24. Eyrie
26. Agate

(319)

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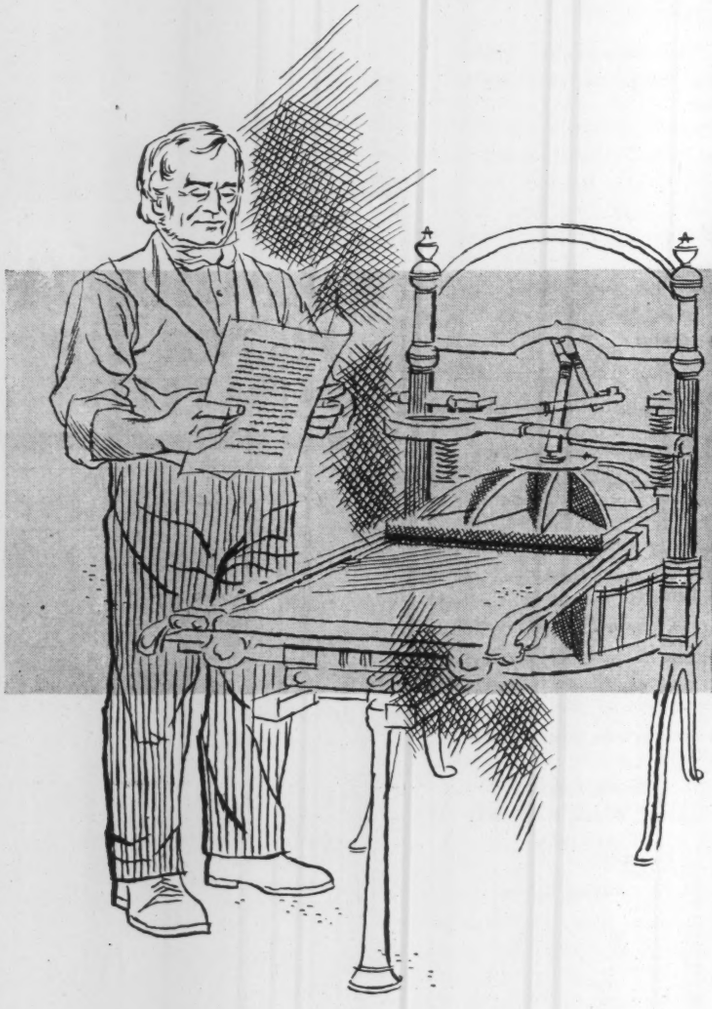
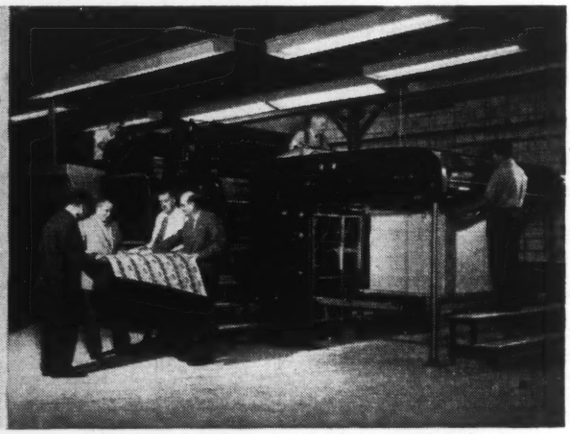
the press that printed the way to rebellion

The cast-iron "Washington" press on which William Lyon Mackenzie printed the "Colonial Advocate" was one of the earliest to be set up in York, the new capital of Upper Canada. Embodying an iron lever in place of the old-fashioned screw, it was advertised as "combining elegance in design with neatness and despatch in execution". It was damaged when the "young Tories" raided Mackenzie's shop and threw his types into the Bay. It was smashed again in the Rebellion of 1837, which it had helped to foment. But it survived the ordeal and "literally printed the way to political freedom" in Upper Canada.





A far cry from Mackenzie's press but carrying on the tradition of printing as a keystone of progress, is this modern press, recently installed in one of Canada's largest printing and lithographing organizations. The first 76-inch two-color Harris-Seybold Offset press in Canada, it is capable of handling five thousand 52 x 76-inch sheets of paper an hour.

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SENATOR McCARTHY during the McCarthy-U.S. Army hearings, flanked by counsel Roy Cohn (right) and committee staff director Francis Carr.

The Truth About McCarthy: Shooting for the Senate

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART IV

IN THE MIDDLE of the third war year, Captain Joe McCarthy sat back and counted his blessings. He had a record of active duty in the South Pacific; he had made $42,000 on the stock market; and he had kept stories about his war career humming through the printing presses of the Wisconsin newspapers. He had come a long way from Grand Chute, spinning down the highway of back-country politics, headed for Washington by way of the Pacific. Already a Marine captain and a Wisconsin circuit judge, simultaneously, he figured that if he stretched just a little farther he could grab the brass ring—election to the Senate.

Of course, incumbent Alexander Wiley was a powerful vote-getter, and there was a military ruling that servicemen couldn't speak on political issues while in uniform. But another problem — even thornier — was buried down in Article 7, Section 10, of the Wisconsin constitution: "Each of the judges of the supreme and circuit court shall . . . hold no offices of public trust, except a judicial office, during the term for which they are respectively elected, and all votes for either of them for any office, except a judicial office . . . shall be void."

Nothing could have been plainer. A judge could not run for office. If he did, the votes wouldn't count. Confronted with this stymie, Joe met the immovable law with the irresistible decision. He simply chose to ignore it.

The campaign buzzed merrily along. And at exactly the right psychological moment, who should turn up but the hero himself: he had wangled a thirty-day leave from the Marines.

Just two weeks away from election day, Joe tried a sneak end-run around the military regulation that forbade his campaigning. Addressing the Milwaukee League of Women Voters, "I wish I could discuss the importance of oil and the importance of maintaining a strong army and navy to be used in the event any international organization breaks down, but I may not do so," Joe said—having just done so.

McCarthy ran so fast he sometimes left his campaign manager behind. Colby once observed: "I'd get mad at him sometimes. I'd arrange a meeting in Milwaukee, and he'd turn up in Fond du Lac." Someone else "got mad" at him, too. Wisconsin's Secretary of State Zimmerman, after a casual rereading of the constitution, publicly challenged McCarthy's right to run. He waved Article 7, Section 10, under the nose of Attorney General Martin, a strong Republican, who took the matter under advisement and proclaimed: "Judge McCarthy, as we understand it, has filed the required number of signers and his papers are otherwise in order. You should certify his name on the official ballot, and any question with regard to his eligibility to hold the office of United States senator must await future determination." That disposed of the constitution and left the road clear. Now all Joe had to do was win.

But he didn't. Alexander Wiley was renominated as the Republican candidate for the Senate, later to be re-elected for another term. But standing a solid second in the primary results was "Tail-Gunner Joe," with almost 100,000 votes, ahead of two others. McCarthy licked no wounds; the publicity had made him a political name to be reckoned with. Another election was coming up in just two years, and Joe began constructing a political torpedo. On its sides he chalked out the words "Bob La Follette".

In October, 1944, just three months after his thirty-day leave to present himself to the voters, McCarthy applied for another sixty-day leave, explaining that he had some judicial problems in Wisconsin that needed tending. The Marine Corps turned thumbs down; and when Joe persisted, he was given his choice of fighting or resigning. And so Captain Joe turned in his resignation. It was accepted on February 20, 1945; and a month later "Tail-Gunner Joe" traded in his military career for a political band-wagon.

Now Captain Joe hurried home to bask in military glory for a while before the election. The voters saw him as a limping, bedraggled, war-weary veteran, returning to the circuit judgeship of Outagamie, Langlade, and Shawano counties. "Sick at heart," he said, over the terrible fate of "my boys" fighting the war, Joe trudged from meeting to meeting, lamenting the way the country was run, limping noticeably up to the microphone to cry out for "a better way of life for all of us".

Late in 1945, at the height of Joe McCarthy's feverish post-war activity on the bench, he travelled to Milwaukee to attend what turned out to be one of the most important meetings of his life. Together with a handful of other eager Young Republicans, he organized the state's dormant YR group and placed it under the leadership of a trusted follower, Loyal Eddy. After the organizational meeting at the Pfister Hotel the zealous young politicians joined a tall, white-haired man in the English Room. He was Thomas Coleman, better known throughout the state as "Boss Coleman," the man who pulled the strings above the marionette stage of the Wisconsin GOP.

WHEN Joe formally announced his candidacy, the initial reaction was laughter from one end of the state to the other. Senator Robert ("Young Bob") La Follette, scion and namesake of old "Fighting Bob," had just laid his father's Progressive Party in its final resting place, and was seeking renomination to the Senate as a Republican. There was a strong feeling that not even a reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln could make any inroads against the powerful La Follette name, and for an upstate judge with practically no political experience to challenge Young Bob was the political joke of the year. Joe, grinning with all the rest, packed his bag and set out to make history.

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potential rivals as possible, he drove to their homes and explained, with a big grin, that he just couldn't be stopped, suggesting tactfully that they drop out of the race rather than suffer humiliating defeat. "After all," he said to one candidate, "you can't expect to beat a veteran now, can you?" The candidate, who had spent World War II in Wisconsin, had to admit he couldn't.

As the pre-primary campaign progressed, Judge McCarthy began to pay less and less attention to his boring chores on the bench. He tried harder than ever to switch places with out-of-town judges in order to visit as many towns as possible; and once again some of the judicial slack had to be taken up by other judges. But little by little, McCarthy began to see daylight ahead in his political future, as the opposing Republican candidates dropped out. At the finish only one serious contender remained—ex-Governor Julius P. Heil, a wealthy manufacturer of heavy machinery. "Julius the Just," as he was called, was a roly-poly, "happy-times" politician who had never shown an excess of political talent. But he was a figure to be reckoned with because of the size of his pocketbook. He was given to throwing huge parties for people he wanted to impress; and, like Joe, he made a great show of picking up all the tabs he could lay his hands on.

The night before the Republican Voluntary Committee's nominating convention opened in Oshkosh, Heil was holding court in his headquarters, buying drinks by the bucketful for all who happened by. McCarthy hand-picked several of his delegates, not generally known as such, to visit the Heil headquarters. One by one "McCarthy's Fifth Column," as they were called later, wandered up to Heil, congratulated him on his candidacy, and then announced in gloomy tones that it was too bad the Republican powers had secretly blessed young Joe's nomination. After Heil had heard the same story about ten times, he began to fret; and before the party ended, he disappeared. The next morning, Heil refused to stand for convention endorsement, and Joe had won his toughest battle by default.

THE McCarthy-for-Senator campaign descended like a hailstorm on the people of Wisconsin. For three months the populace was blizzarded with election gimmicks dreamed up by the Judge and his backers. Direct-mail advertising, an airplane grasshoppering around the state, and speechmaking invasions of bridge parties and poker sessions—one by one McCarthy yanked forth the latest surprises from his bag of tricks.

He campaigned as a war hero, circulating 750,000 copies of a twelve-page brochure about his military record as it had been exaggerated in the north-country press. The story was spun loosely with

no attempt to separate fact from fiction.

The *Capital Times* of Madison once reported:

"McCarthy is very adept at working both sides of the street on almost every issue. He does so by taking only the most ambiguous stands in his public pronouncements and making private calls to the advocates of both sides of a debate."

This capacity to "work both sides of the street" was McCarthy's forte in the 1946 campaign. And he accomplished it, not so much by deception, as the *Capital Times* hinted, as by generalization. A close analysis of McCarthy's 1946 speeches shows that he lashed out viciously at broad, general "evils" without ever coming down to cases. He was the GOP's Don Quixote, tilting at windmills — in what seemed to be a sincere, impassioned manner.

SO MANY VOTERS in Wisconsin are not sure what issues Joe used as platform planks in the 1946 election. A few can remember what he was against — war, "foreign" influences in Washington, bureaucracy, and high taxes. His stand on internationalism was nebulous and politically safe. He told the Young Republicans on April 27, 1946, that the United States should "take no part whatever" in the world unless she was playing first fiddle —that it was good to lead the world but not to follow it. Wisconsin's voters found this an easy line to swallow, since it seemed to hold out promise both to isolationists and to internationalists. As for the United Nations, McCarthy had a sop for its admirers and another for its opponents. For its admirers, he announced that the U.N. could do its job even if some other powerful nation refused to co-operate; for its detractors, he charged that the U.N. was "tragically weak". Both of these statements came in the same speech.

Most of the time he lashed out at that evil-ridden town in the faraway District of Columbia, playing on the voters' latent distrust of anything alien to Wisconsin's clean, fertile countryside.

Meanwhile, from his cloister on Capitol Hill in Washington, Senator Bob La Follette watched McCarthy's antics. But as copies of Wisconsin newspapers reached his office, bearing reports of McCarthy's glib generalities and transparent contradictions, it seemed obvious to La Follette that this young man would eventually trip himself up. So he stayed in Washington, working on legislation, postponing his campaign until the last possible minute. It was his biggest mistake.

McCarthy kicked off his campaign against La Follette on March 18, 1946, with a speech at Milwaukee, wherein he promised a "very rough but clean fight". What followed was at least rough. First he and his followers undertook the tricky task of suggesting to the voters that La Follette was both a Fascist-sympathizer and a Communist-sympathizer.

But above all McCarthy needed to shake loose the farmers' votes, which had been electing La Follettes for forty-five years. So, ignoring Young Bob's undeviating pro-agriculture record, Joe accused him instead of neglecting the farmer and catering to labor. La Follette hadn't learned, said Joe, "that you can't cut the farmers' throat without spattering blood over labor also."

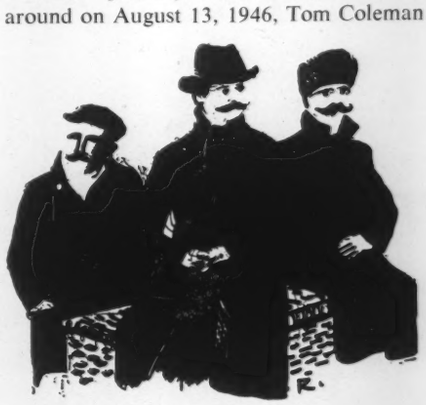
And so the campaign settled down to personalities instead of issues; but the *coup d'état* was a statement, issued by McCarthy, that Senator La Follette was a "war profiteer" who fixed up his business deals on the floor of the Senate. La Follette had bought a one-fourth share of radio station WEMP in Milwaukee. And unhappily for his political future, the station presented him with a total profit of $47,339.78 in 1944 and 1945, war years.

As a starting point, Joe pointed out that the Federal Communications Commission licensed the station. Then he tossed in the information that La Follette voted on appropriations for FCC. With this slim thread of fact, McCarthy wove a sinister picture: the FCC and Bob La Follette, conspiring together, had milked out $47,339.78 in wartime profits, as fine an example of government corruption as anyone had ever invented.

Of course, anyone familar with the way the wheels turned in Washington could see through McCarthy's cellophane charges. It was simple routine for Congress to appropriate operating expenses for the FCC, as for every other federal agency. In fact, a Senator would have difficulty finding any outside business interest that didn't come under the jurisdiction of some government bureau or other.

And so La Follette stood on his dignity and ignored the issue. He didn't even bother to strike back, as he could have, by pointing out that McCarthy had made wartime profits of $42,000 in a single year, by trading on the securities market. Many voters were therefore left with the impression that La Follette's silence constituted a plea of *nolo contendere* to McCarthy's charges.

When primary-election day rolled around on August 13, 1946, Tom Coleman and his GOP machine felt a strange uneasiness. It was the same feeling that comes to a poker player who holds four aces, shoves all his money into the pot, and prays that no one has a straight flush. Boss Coleman and his hirelings knew that they had a good hand in Joe McCarthy; but they were wondering if it had been worth the gamble. The Committee to elect Joseph R. McCarthy had spent $20,000, and another $30,000 had been shelled out in Joe's behalf by Coleman's organization. In contrast, the optimistic Mr. La Follette reported an outlay of only $3,728, and the Democratic candidate, Howard McMurray, listed $3,008.



By the time all the last-minute returns were sifted down, corrected, checked, and verified, Judge McCarthy was the Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate. He had won in the primary by 5,396 votes —tantamount, in Republican Wisconsin, to election. The final tabulation: McCarthy, 207,935; La Follette, 202,539.

Almost immediately, a cry of pain went up from La Follette's headquarters. Not only had "Young Bob" lost Milwaukee, but also he had dropped every one of the lakeside counties from Kenosha to Sheboygan. All of them were pro-labor, and in the past they had provided La Follette with his thundering majorities. What had happened?

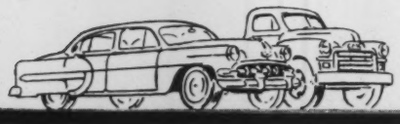
THERE were broader forces at work in the campaign, and one of these was the uncompromising opposition of the Communist Party to Senator La Follette.

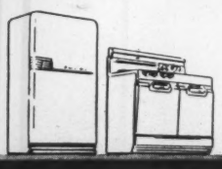
In almost any political setting except the Wisconsin of 1946, Communists would not have been able to exert any substantial influence. But this was in the days before Communism had been purged from the huge Allis-Chalmers CIO local in Milwaukee; before Harold Christoffel, local CIO head, had been convicted of perjury for denying his Party membership; before anyone knew that the state secretary of the CIO, Melvin J. Heinritz, belonged to the Party; and before it was known that the Milwaukee city garbage workers, among others, were Communist-dominated. Clearly, the Reds were a potent force. They controlled the CIO leadership in Wisconsin and exerted a powerful influence over the CIO's 75,000 members.

The Communists and Democrats were out for La Follette's hide; and the exhaust explosion of their negativism blew Joe McCarthy right into the United States Senate.

This is the fourth of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy— The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The fifth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Something's happened





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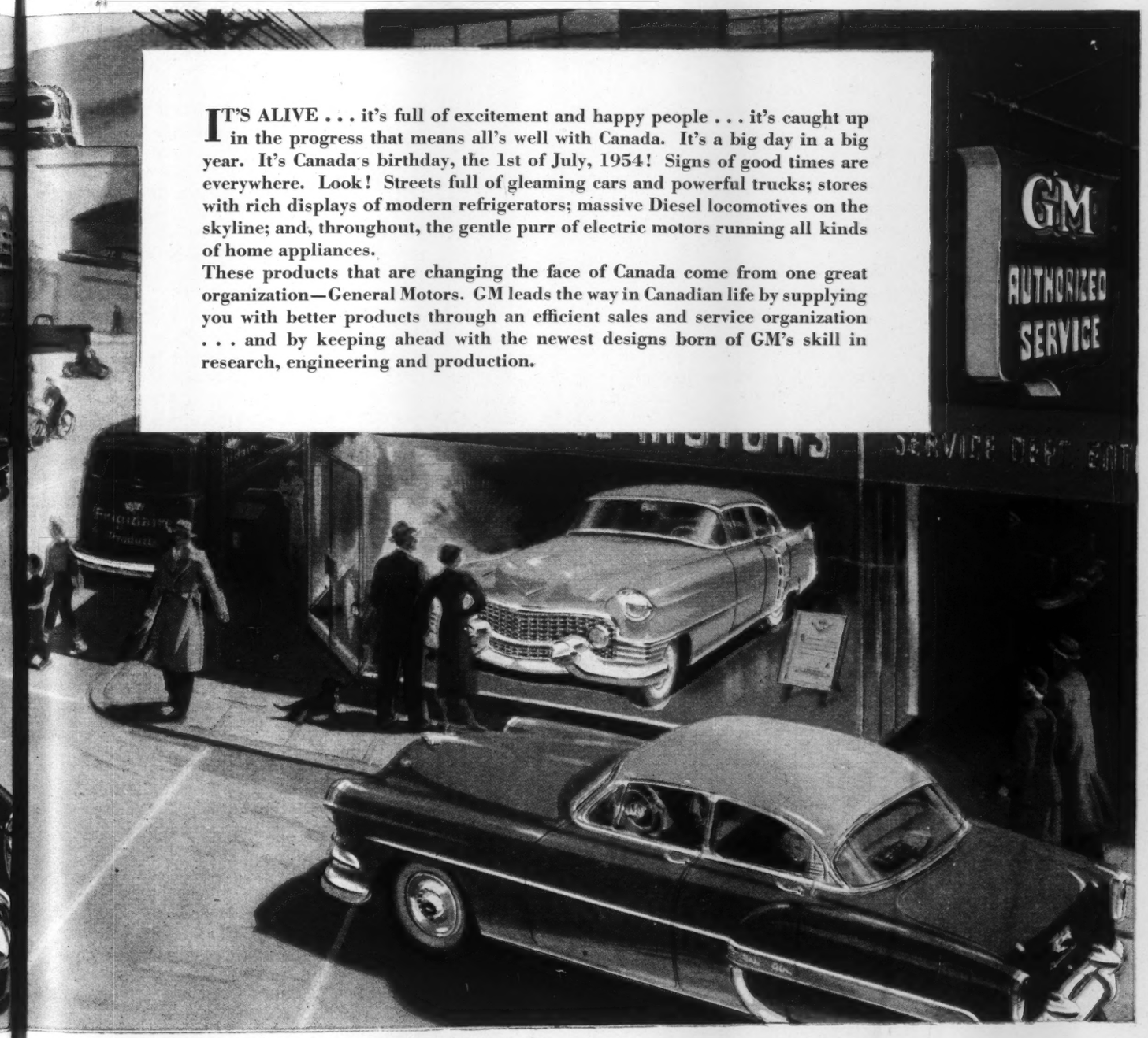

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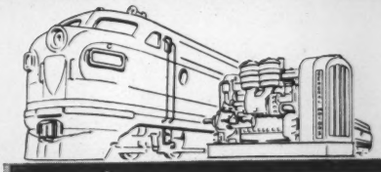

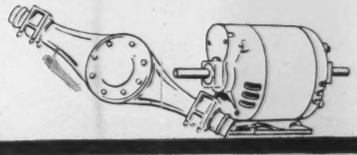

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THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

Books

Not for Mrs. Jones the Gas

By Robertson Davies

WHEN DYLAN THOMAS died last November there was widespread mourning for the fine lyric poet that he was, but so far I have seen no word of grief for the fine dramatist that he might have been. But in the film scenario called *The Doctor and The Devils*, which was reviewed in this department last autumn, and in his "Play for Voices" called *Under Milk Wood*, which is the subject of the present article, we hear the authentic voice of a dramatic poet of high quality, who has not yet reached his fullest development.

Thomas never wrote for the stage. *The Doctor and The Devils* has the mark of the movies strongly upon it. The dramatic action is not marked by any special quality; it is the usual succession of story-telling scenes, competently arranged. But the dialogue is of fine quality; the briefest exchanges are marked by a power of language which is rare even in the best films. *Under Milk Wood* was written for broadcasting, and surely it is the finest play ever done for this medium. Radio has brought forth much able writing, but only a handful of works of really fine quality. We think of *The Fall of the City* by Archibald MacLeish. We think of the great hopes which were reposed in Norman Corwin, and which have not so far been fulfilled. Perhaps the secret is to be found in the genesis of *Under Milk Wood* itself, which had its beginning ten years ago. "The growth of what is excellent is slow," said a Canadian poet; radio has no time to wait.

Let us not waste time in regretting what will never be. But what Thomas was able to do for films and radio he would certainly have done better for the theatre which, if technically limited in comparison with her acrobatic daughters, is vastly their superior in the realm of the spirit.

Under Milk Wood is an exploration of the Welsh seaside village of Llaregyb; it is spoken by two Narrators, and a large cast of characters; it covers a day, from midnight to midnight. There are passages of description, passages of dialogue, and quite a lot of song. The descriptions are true poetry; that is to say, they tell us what the poet wants us to know in language which is as direct as it can be, while conveying the full flavor and shade of meaning that the poet intends. The passages of dialogue are stripped down to essentials, and they create character in strong, fine strokes; they are intended to illuminate souls, rather than to convey a story. The music is handled with exquisite discretion. We have all seen films about Wales in which highly-trained choirs appear at intervals, roaring tunefully and impeding the action; anyone who knows Wales knows that, although the Welsh do sing charmingly at times, they are perfectly able to restrain themselves when there is something important to be done; they are not one vast opera chorus. The songs in *Under Milk Wood* illuminate character,

DYLAN THOMAS, from the painting by Augustus John: "The best exposition . . . . of the people of Wales".

and establish atmosphere. There is not a note too much, and there is no shouting in four-part harmony. Their simplicity is their beauty.

What sort of place is Llaregyb, the village which nestles between the sea and Milk Wood? It is one of those places, found in some fine works of art, in which you uncover the whole of human nature. But in this play you see human nature through Welsh eyes, and this distinguishes the play from such a work as *Our Town*, in which you see much the same thing through American eyes. *Our Town* is a play of great sweetness and humor, true pathos and a deeply moving love and pity for humanity. We find all of these elements in *Under Milk Wood*, but we are shown them from a Welsh point of view. And what is that point of view?

Here I must be careful, for it is easy to talk nonsense about any national attitude, and treacherously easy when the nation is of the Celtic group. But national attitudes exist, and they are often exemplified in fine works of literature. The plays of Synge, or O'Casey, could not be anything but Irish; paradoxically, it is their intensely Irish character which gives them their widespread appeal and universality. There are many plays and novels in which the Scots attitude toward life, and the Scots character, are presented with deep understanding. But plays and books about Wales and the Welsh are not so common, nor are they so good, upon the whole. There are two principal reasons why this is so.

The first is that the Welsh, having kept their language in both literary and spoken use, tend to say what they have to say about themselves in that tongue. The difficulties of translating Welsh poetry into English which gives anything of the original flavor are almost insuperable; it is less a poetry of thought than a poetry of sound and image, of exaltation and pithy allusion. Welsh prose, at its best, is not much easier to put in English. Much of what is best in Wales and the Welsh is locked in the Welsh language, and this, with its Arabic syntax and Semitic habits of thought, its agglutinative formations of words and alarming appearance on the page, is forbidding to strangers.

The Welsh themselves have never captured the imagination of the English-speaking world as, at various times, the Irish and the Scots have done. There are still plenty of people who think of an Irishman in the stereotype composed by Charles Lever and Dion Boucicault—the witty, devil-may-care, quixotic, boozing, practical-joking sub-Englishman; even a revolution has not broken this popular idol. So also there are people who see all Scots as haughty Highlanders (Sir Walter) or pawky, ambitious, tongue-tied, sentimental Lowlanders (Sir James Barrie). But the Welsh have never had a Charles O'Malley or a Miles-na-Coppaleen, a Bonnie Prince Charlie or a Harry Lauder. (Of course they have had a Tudor dynasty, Lloyd George and Augustus John, but these are not quite so easy to swallow.)

And, alas, the Welsh have too often shown affection and loyalty for the artistically second-rate, for choral music not quite of the first quality, for oratory more notable for imagery than for ideas, and —worst of all in a nation that would impress itself favorably upon the English-speaking world—for depreciatory jokes about themselves. One of the best-kept secrets of the Anglo-Celtic world is that the Welsh are a people of great humor—of a rolling, copious laughter, sometimes

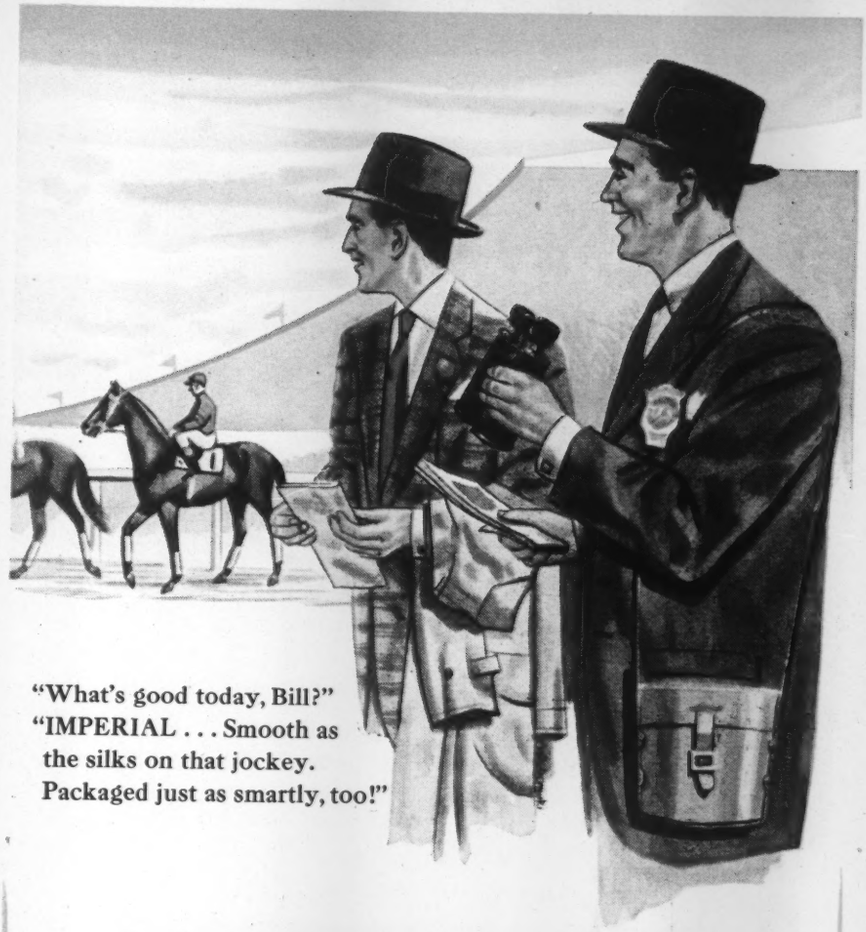
sly, sometimes malicious, but most often uproarious, button-bursting and Bacchic. This national humor is one-half of their characteristic attitude toward life; the other half is the melancholy, reflective, mystical strain which has so often found its outlet in religious fervor.

It is this great humor that Dylan Thomas has so wonderfully communicated in *Under Milk Wood*. It is not a humor which is always suited to the drawing-room, still less to the chaste, metallic, twentieth century ear of the microphone. When his policeman, P. C. Attila Rees, mistakes his helmet for a chamber-pot in the dark, it is not a twentieth century joke, or a radio joke, but it is a timeless, Chaucerian joke and only a poet (and I venture to say, a Welsh poet) could bring it in with so much taste and effect. And because Attila Rees makes his odd mistake, we are able to feel more love and sympathy with the Rev. Eli Jenkins, who greets each day with a burst of exquisitely simple, deeply felt poetry. Llaregyb is a village in which a Welsh breadth of emotion, mood and sympathy is felt, and we cannot have the pathos and the soul-lifting exaltation unless we have the farmyard jokes as well. It is a bad habit of our time (and our country as much as any) to want to experience only what is highest and most respectable in the world of feeling; but when we insist only on the highest, we may be sure that we shall never soar beyond the middle of the emotional range. The Welsh have always known that you cannot understand the spiritual grandeur of Eli Jenkins unless you also understand the quaint misprision of Attila Rees, and love them both. You cannot love the virgin longings of Mae Rose Cottage unless you also love the generous, pathetic trollop Polly Garter. You cannot appreciate the devotion to his music of Organ Morgan unless you appreciate also the aimless wickedness of No-good Boyo.

IN TIME the CBC will probably present this piece. Will it be performed uncut, one wonders? Mrs. Grundy (who is known in Wales as Mrs. Jones the Gas) will not like it at all. Mrs. Jones the Gas is very powerful in Canada, and she likes only what is sweet and pretty and, as near as possible, meaningless. We shall see if Mrs. Jones the Gas gets her way.

This is a play of great emotional range and human sympathy, and to think of it only as a radio play is to misjudge it entirely. It is a wonderful dramatic poem about people, as a poet of true and ample inspiration understands them. It is the best exposition that I have ever read of the character, good and bad, the humor, rowdy and subtle, the clarity of vision and the immortal longings of the people of Wales.

UNDER MILK WOOD—by Dylan Thomas—pp. 90, with notes and music—*Dent*—$1.75.



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In Brief

A REPORTER REPORTS—by I. Norman Smith—pp. 145—*Ryerson*—$3.00.

What you write today for the newspaper is used to wrap up tomorrow's garbage, cynics say to journalists practising their craft. It is a better fate than being unread between hard covers. Mr. Smith has undoubtedly achieved the garbage (the *Ottawa Journal*, of which he is Associate Editor, is commodious); here, thanks to the perspicacity of the publisher, he has the glory of hard-covers, too. And the pieces are worth the special wrapping. Smith's pen is unpretentious, his views are moderate and they are informed by much travel and experience of people and countries. Further, he could not be mistaken for an English or American columnist on international affairs.

THREE SINGLES TO ADVENTURE — by Gerald Durrell—pp. 219—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.15.

Collecting specimens of bizarre species of toad, snake, monkey, bird, alligator and whatever else a zoo might take along the line a remote country offers is Mr. Durrell's vocation. Writing is not. He is expert and casual in British Guiana as a collector and custodian of native animals; he is folksy about his (and his two companions') one-way ticket from Georgetown to a mangrove-bound outpost called Adventure, which was the springboard for their jump into the jungle.

MAKERS OF THE REALM—by Arthur Bryant—pp. 399 indexed—*Collins*—$3.50.

Mr. Bryant is spreading his love for England over a three-volume history, *The Story of England*, of which this is the first book. Here the idealistic account is taken down to Edward I, from prehistoric times when Britain was not a land where men could be both comfortable and idle. Mr. Bryant is a historian of England because of his faith and affection, not because of trenchant thought. So one gets from him, as always, an authentic story sincere in its English creed and clichés, and ornamented by tags of pleasant anecdote and gently patriotic verse.

CONTRACT BRIDGE COMPLETE—by Ely Culbertson—pp. 276—*Winston*—$4.95.

All about bidding, leads, play, laws, and, so the dust cover tells us, the only book covering every phase of the new point-count bidding. It is the complete and authentic word of the Master. Anybody who knows anything about bridge can know more about it through him. Anybody who does not can have a delightful time with the esoteric terms, such as: assume the dummy to be exposed; south leads his Ace to capture the Queen; the play for a drop is easy to execute; the only difficulty is in knowing when the missing honor is likely to be unguarded.

T. J. A.

OF WHALES AND MEN—by R. B. Robertson—pp. 300 and photographs—*McClelland & Stewart*—$5.00.

Dr. Robertson served for eight months as medical officer on a whaling expedition during the 1950-51 season. He has great admiration for the whalers, who appear to be an astonishingly varied and rather mystical group of men, and he has the bitterest contempt for their employers. Of Leith Harbor, the processing depot in South Georgia, he says that it is "the worst administered place in the colonial possessions of Great Britain, the most sordid, unsanitary habitation of white men to be found the whole world over, and the most nauseating example of what commercial greed can do at the expense of human dignity". Though the doctor is not a stylist, he has written a fascinating book about a little known trade, in which men of strong individuality still find an escape more effective than the Foreign Legion.

VELASQUEZ—53 plates in color and 51 in monochrome—*Random House*—$7.95.

In this handsome Swiss book the bulk of Velasquez's work is displayed for pleasure and study. An admirable Introduction by José Ortega Y Gasset adds to the pleasure and understanding of the reader.

THE AGE OF INIGO JONES—by James Lees-Milne—pp. 233, index and many fine illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin*—$9.00.

Here is a learned but not stuffy discussion of the work of that testy, vain genius who combined the professions of architect and theatrical designer in the reigns of King James and Charles I. In addition Mr. Lees-Milne traces the work of Jones's pupils and of architects who were influenced by him. As many buildings have been ascribed to Jones which were not his work, the author has taken great pains to establish a new list of authentic Jones creations, and only experts will be able to dispute his judgment. Jones may be said to have introduced Renaissance conceptions to English building, and in consequence this volume is of interest not only to the architect and the theatre enthusiast, but to every student of social history. A beautiful book, produced by Batsford.

THE DIVINE KING IN ENGLAND—by Margaret Murray—pp. 264, bibliography, index and illustrations—*British Books*—$5.00.

The author of those admirable studies, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe* and *The God of the Witches* here tries to persuade us that the cult of the Divine King persisted in England until the seventeenth century, and that the deaths of several kings were indeed murders of the Divine Victim; other important murders (that of Thomas Becket, for instance) were murders of king-substitutes. Hard to swallow, and Dr. Murray rips the Long

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Arm of Coincidence right out of its socket at times, but her authority is so great that no book of hers can be lightly dismissed. Let us reserve judgment on this one, therefore, instead of declaring outright that it is a vagary of a great scholar.

DEVICES AND DESIRES—by E. Arnot Robertson —pp. 239—*Clarke, Irwin—$2.10.*

Hebe is a little girl who is left, after the death of her father, with the terrifying job of leading a group of passportless refugees through wartime Bulgaria and into Greece. With astonishing hardihood and craft she does it, gets herself to Trinidad with a wealthy family, and finally blackmails them into sending her to England to school. For Hebe's burning ambition is to be a perfectly respectable schoolgirl with a perfectly respectable background, and to achieve this end she will dare anything. Her story is told without a shred of sentimentality, in the rapid, spare prose we expect from this writer, and if any judgment is made on this child and her strange yearning we are left to make it for ourselves. As well as the amazing Hebe, there are a number of brilliantly drawn characters in the book, and it emerges as a novel of unusual insight and quality. This would make a superb film, but not for Hollywood—no, no, not that!

THE PENROSE ANNUAL, 1954—edited by R. B. Fishenden—*Clarke, Irwin—$6.25.*

In matters relating to printing, the English are a curious race; they seem to know no middle way. They can produce some of the most appalling rubbish ever devised since Gutenberg, and they can also display a taste and elegance which is rivalled, but never surpassed, by other nations. Of our Canadian jogtrot printing, never very good and rarely very bad, they seem to know nothing. The Penrose Annual displays their work at its best year after year, and the 1954 volume is a delight to anyone who appreciates the printers' craft. Of special interest are the displays of Coronation printing, covers for pocket books, and newspaper mastheads. And, as always, the advertisements in the back of the book are a delight.

ARTS OF THE JAPANESE COLOUR PRINT—by J. Hillier—pp. 139 with 93 illustrations in colour and monochrome—*Doubleday—$8.50.*

Japanese colour prints have had a great influence on modern western painting and design, but there are many lovers of art who are not quite sure why this is so—principally because large and good collections of these prints are not as commonly met with as is desirable. This admirable book, produced by the Phaidon Press, is in itself a handsome collection, and its expository essay is full and helpful. To look at these pictures, slowly and contemplatively, is at once a restful and enlivening experience.

B. E. N.

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Business

Local Remedies Available To Ease Tax Burden

By ERIC HARDY

THE CHANGES in the financial and service responsibilities of municipalities in recent years have not gone the full length of the requests made by municipalities for adjustments in their situation. Nor have they fulfilled all the recommendations of the bodies that have been set up to give the problem thorough study. Nevertheless, my own conclusion is that sufficient help has been forthcoming to prevent any sharp crisis in municipal financing which is not part and parcel of a general economic collapse.

The backlog of construction and the rate of expansion, particularly in urban municipalities, has also pushed municipal debt up rather sharply. Throughout the war and for several years afterwards, the larger Canadian cities experienced a steady reduction in net debt both for revenue-earning utilities and services supported from taxation. The low point was reached in 1948 and from then on their debt climbed sharply. However, it levelled off in 1952 and seems, on the average, to be holding fairly steady, although increases are continuing in individual municipalities. According to our figures, the net debt of the larger Canadian cities, when placed on a per capita basis, is still well below the peak obligations of the depression years. This comparison has been made in actual dollars without any allowance for the reduced weight of the debt burden as a result of the waves of inflation.

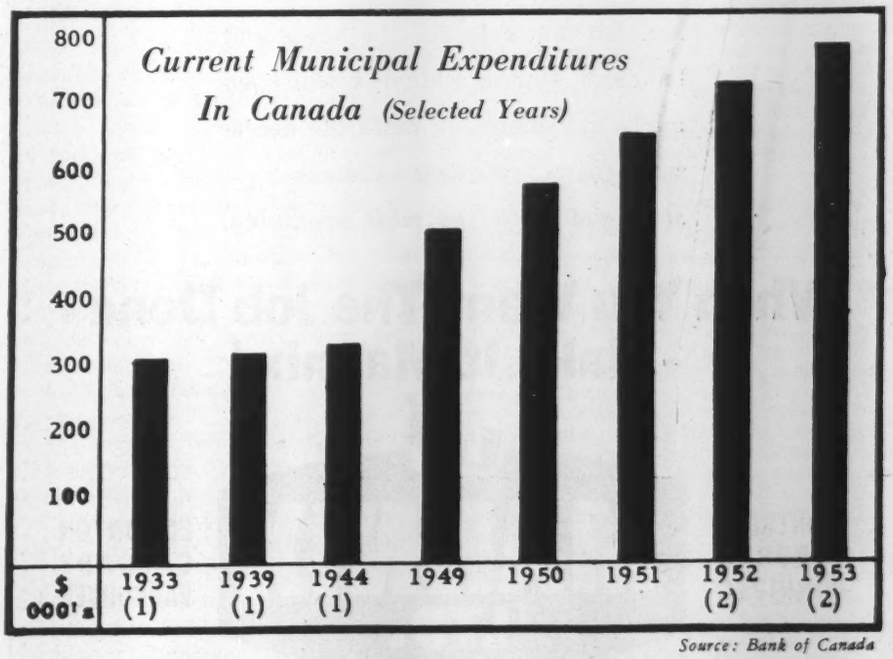
Credit should be given to those municipalities that have recognized the danger of rapidly mounting debt when times have been good and construction costs high. The City of Winnipeg, for example, has consistently followed the policy of shortening the term of debenture borrowing so that in effect it is financing partly on a pay-as-you-go basis. The debt position of most municipalities carries no more than a potential threat that debt may become excessive as demands grow for expensive highway construction, participation in housing projects and so on.

Now we should be prepared for two broad developments: first, a further extension of grants and shared taxes, and secondly, a properly planned enlargement of municipal boundaries. Both these basic needs have been widely recognized in the studies of Provincial-Municipal Relations in every part of the country. The failure to secure boundary adjustments is today largely responsible for acute financial difficulties in certain of our municipalities.

With the exception of the local sales taxes employed by many municipalities throughout Quebec, most of the relief to the property owner has been obtained through the provision of grants and taxes shared by the provincial governments. The social security and municipal aid taxes in British Columbia under which municipalities receive a third of the revenue, distributed on a population basis, is one example of the new shared taxes.

New local tax sources cannot be expected to provide any great degree of relief to real property taxpayers. Few such sources have yet been demonstrated as superior to the real property tax as a local source of funds. The real property tax is actually two taxes, since part is paid by residential properties and met by owner-occupants or tenants through rent; the remainder is paid by industrial and commercial establishments who try to pass it to their customers. There is some merit in a local amusement tax and perhaps more justification for an extension of certain charges such as parking meters, fees for recreational services and so forth. On the other hand, until a tested formula is forthcoming, going into sewer rental charges may be a doubtful procedure. They may have the effect of shifting more of the load onto the homeowner who, unlike the business proprietor, has no opportunity to spread the expense around.

If grants or shared taxes are to be used to supply municipalities with additional funds, the preference should be for limiting shared taxes to those fields where the sharing has some clear reason back of it. Gasoline and motor vehicle levies are the only examples that come to mind. There is an obvious advantage in relying on unconditional grants since they permit local governments a wider responsibility in carrying out the functions delegated to them. To the extent that regulation and supervision is justified, the provinces have full authority to provide for the necessary controls without resorting to financial inducements, although it is tempting politically to foster changes by means of conditional grants rather than by the forthright leader-



Source: Bank of Canada

(1) Excludes Newfoundland. (2) Estimated.

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ship that is otherwise required.

One of the problems the provinces have faced in attempting to provide a new deal financially for municipalities is the uncertainty of their own position. Those provinces who have signed tax agreements with Ottawa have very limited control over their own financial situation. And even Quebec's ability to decide its own destiny is in doubt. Among agreeing and non-agreeing provinces alike, one fact remains common to all. The financial abilities of the individual provinces are still quite uneven. Except in the guaranteed minimum payments and limited special grants, the tax agreements have not attempted to follow the plan of recognized fiscal need that was part of the Rowell-Sirois recommendations. Significant inequities still remain and will continue until a radically new basis of Federal-provincial financing is developed. There would seem, indeed, to be some direct relationship between the assistance already offered to municipalities by individual provinces and their own financial strength.

One result of the unsolved problem of Federal-provincial relations and financial matters is that municipalities have been stepping up appeals to Ottawa for aid. They have not only gone after such help; they have been successful in securing certain assistance. This takes no account of the increasing responsibility the Federal Government is assuming for payments in lieu of municipal taxation. Such payments seem fully justified without reference to the problems of the three-level financial structure within which we live. But the exemption of municipalities from the payment of the ten per cent sales tax on municipally-purchased road and firefighting equipment seems to be a doubtful piece of legislation. In view of the constitutional position, one might question also the wisdom of moving into federal aid to education. Vocational training payments and grants to universities are the forms of financial assistance now being provided.

Thus it would appear that the municipalities are not currently building up to a financial crisis. Further, the weight of temporary difficulties appears to have been eased sufficiently to shift attention to some of their more long-range problems. In this regard, there is a need for enlargement of municipal areas in order to spread the financial burden more equitably and, as well, the necessity for more rational and larger grants and shared taxes from the provinces. But enough has already been accomplished to be optimistic about our ability to work out improvements that will carry local government forward and preserve its major role in the Canadian governmental structure.

(This is the second of two articles. Mr. Hardy is the Director of the Citizens Research Institute of Canada.)

Advertising

Startling Exposure

By John Carlton

AFTER SIXTY YEARS of steady progress, the advertising match book has come into its own as a recognized medium. The number of advertisers using match books to promote sales and goodwill is approaching 300,000 and last year saw an increase of nearly 20 per cent in the number of users. The amount spent in this form of advertising in 1953 was $26 million.

A brochure, issued by the Match Industry Information Bureau, announcing the first annual awards program for "distinguished use of book match advertising," states that the annual distribution of the books is 12.5 billion a year, nine out of ten being given away. The average book contains 20 matches, giving 250 billion readership exposures a year. A survey to determine if all 20 chances to attract the reader scored, showed that of 9,000 discarded books only seven contained unused matches—a total of eleven matches.

The trend is towards larger match books containing up to 40 splints, and more. There is an increasing use of full color and copy is appearing on the matches themselves as well as on the outside and inside of the cover. In Canada, the books are rarely given free, except in the larger hotels — something that mildly surprises American visitors.

Canadian magazines had their record volume of April advertising this year, with 488,269 lines for a dollar volume of $1,715,951, reports the Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada. This linage was 4.3 per cent higher than April, 1953. Reporting on the first quarter of this year, the Bureau notes an increasing use of magazine space by a number of categories, compared with the corresponding period for 1953. Among these categories are confectionery, soft drinks, foods, sporting goods, travel, hotels and plastics.

In a reference to television, the MABC report reminds members that "magazine ads which offer full color, long life and repeat impressions without repeated costs provide the logical counterbalance in an advertising program for the fast, fleeting, but frequently arresting commercials of the new medium".

Long and consistent advertising of some brand names has caused them to become part of everyday speech, relegating them to the lower status of generic terms. Some of them are used loosely and without any reference to the service or product which has, by law, sole right to them. Burroughs Wellcome and Company finds it necessary from time to time to announce in trade papers that the word "Tabloid" was registered by them as a trade mark in Canada, America and the United Kingdom many years ago. Coca-Cola has done the same for "Coke". The makers of "Scotch" brand tape are currently advertising to editors, requesting them to "respect our registered trade mark" and "use the quotes". Canadian Industries Limited are similarly sensitive about the use of their registered word "Cellophane". Another brand name loosely applied to products not entitled to it is "Aspirin", a registered trade mark in Canada.

MANY advertisers are finding magic in numbers to identify their products. It is a method that avoids the chore of coining a brand name that says and means anything and then searching the records to discover if it has already been registered. How numbers can identify a quality product was first demonstrated over a generation ago when an important cologne water became widely known as "4711". For many years the figures "57" have designated the Heinz line of foods, although they now understate the number of that firm's products.

Some of Bright's Canadian wines are known as "74", signifying the year 1874 when the firm was founded. Several imported whiskies, such as "Vat 69", are distinguished by numbers. Seagram's advertise "Seven 7 Crown", showing the "7" in dominant size surmounted by a crown. Advertising is appearing currently for the new "500" Firestone tubeless tire. The copy explains that the figures refer to speed tests in which the tire scored triumphantly. Canadian National Railways is making much of "359", the number of new passenger cars recently placed in service in the system.

Watson's athletic sports underwear is being advertised as "372", no explanation of the symbols being offered. Ford has long made use of "V-8" and the same is true of British American Oil's "88" and "98". "Operation 490" was the way an automobile dealer in Toronto described an offer of 49 Pontiacs, the down price being $490. Summer campaigns have been launched for "6-12" insect repellent, and Dictaphone Corporation as "makers of Time-Master '5' ".

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

"Certificate of Registry No. C-1498 has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Hail Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only."

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY (TEXACO) **LIMITED**

Preferred Stock Dividend No. 32

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending June 30th, 1954, payable July 20th, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30th, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.
Secretary.

"Certificate of Registry No. C-1500 has been issued authorizing the Union Reinsurance Company of Zurich, Switzerland, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only."

BUSY

Investors often are too busy or lack facilities to maintain unbiased research and analysis. It is not surprising, therefore, that many individuals, societies, trusts and corporations ask us to keep watch over their securities.

We will be glad to place our investment facilities at your disposal. You are invited to consult with us in confidence and without obligation.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1901.
Offices in Principal Canadian Cities,
New York and London, Eng.
50 King Street West, Toronto

The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada Limited

Dividend No. 98

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Forty cents (40c) per share, and an extra distribution of Twenty cents (20) per share, on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, have this day been declared for the six months ending the 30th day of June, 1954, payable on the 15th day of July, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 18th day of June, 1954.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. O. REID,
Secretary.

Montreal, P.Q.
June 10th, 1954.

THE
WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Mindus Corporation

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Mindus Corporation Ltd. I note the price of the stock has gradually gone down to 12-13 cents. Is there a possibility of an upturn or should one sell?—H. H. A., Princeton, BC.*

Mindus Corporation is a small holding and development company with interests in a number of mining companies and an oil company. Its latest venture has been into the Manitouwadge field. The last report from the company states that a 12-claim group in the eastern section of the area was optioned to Vinray Mines and a new company, Rock-Echo Mines, had been formed to acquire a 13-claim group adjoining these claims to the west.

How well the fortunes of these varied interests are going is perhaps best reflected in the action of the stock. The possibility of an upturn in the price depends upon the advent of some exceptional news from one of the properties. Just when, and if, that will occur is anyone's guess.

Inspiration Mining

WOULD YOU *kindly give an opinion on Inspiration Mining and Development?—F. B. S., Dundurn, Sask.*

Inspiration basically is a development, diamond drilling and holding company. The chief interest in the stock has been supplied by the subsidiary, Beaucage Mines, which is exploring columbium-tantalum-uranium properties centred on a group of islands in Lake Nipissing.

According to statements made at the annual meeting, about 6.5 million tons of ore are indicated, grading about 0.04 per cent uranium and 0.53 per cent columbium.

One of the basic problems that have concerned the company in the development of this property has been the complex nature of the ore, which has posed a difficult metallurgical problem to achieve economic separation and production of the metals.

The president indicated that a process to extract the columbium at a profit, with costs of about $10.00 per ton, now seemed possible. Columbium is used principally as a stabilizing agent in stainless steel alloys designed for high temperature applications.

From the chart pattern of the stock, with its wide price changes, it must be considered a very speculative situation still. Besides the proving of the metallurgical process as a commercial proposition and the development of a process for the extraction of the uranium content, it appears that problems will be encountered in mining under the lake bed.

After the advance from the 1953 low of $1.40 to 3.60, which was followed by a drop to 2.25, it made a recovery to 3.10 and the present see-saw around 2.50 has been under way for a few weeks.

It would appear that selling can be expected above 2.75 and support at 2.25.

Canadian Pipe

I WOULD *appreciate your opinion on Canadian Pipe Line Producers, purchased at $1.36.—W. W. H., Edmonton.*

This company has aggressively pursued a course of growth by merger. In its brief history it has, mainly by share exchange, acquired the assets of a number of firms including Mitmor Oils, Red Deer Mineral Holdings and an interest in a number of other companies.

As a result of this, 4,725,473 of the authorized 6 million shares are outstanding. In February the company reported production of 564 barrels daily from its interests in 52 producing wells in the Daly, Leduc, Armena-Camrose and Turner Valley fields. Oil reserves were placed at 1,750,000 barrels and gas reserves at 70 billion cubic feet.

It was also estimated at that time that, when the mergers were completed, proven oil reserves would be increased by approximately 475,000 barrels to 2,225,000 and the company would have interests in 67 producing wells.

One of the main points that have stimulated interest in the stock from time to time has been its gas reserves and the possibility of supplying gas to the proposed West Coast Gas Transmission Line. As the project has once again been shelved for an indefinite period by the refusal of the Federal Power Commission to hand down a decision on the application to supply gas to the North-western States, the speculative appeal of the stock has been considerably dampened. This situation also makes it difficult to assess the potential value of the gas reserves.

The simple division of the stated oil reserves by the number of shares outstanding gives a barrel per share figure that is rather low in comparison to the present price of 1.35 and of other companies, and which is close to the year's low of 1.20 and below the high of 1.70.

From this picture, it is apparent that,

while the stock has some speculative possibilities, it also has a definite hazard in view of the low ratio of reserves and production per share.

As the stalemate in the gas hearings seems likely to be protracted well into the Fall, and possibly later, due to the imminence of the federal election in the United States and the fact that several large labor groups in the Pacific Northwest have raised considerable opposition to the Canadian line, it is suggested that you protect your position with a "stop loss" order just under the recent low. Meanwhile, for the short term, it appears that a recovery above 1.50 will be difficult.

Trans Mountain Pipe

I HAVE BEEN *considering the purchase of shares in Trans Mountain Pipeline. Do you think the Pembina and Sturgeon Lake fields will have much effect upon the outlook for this line? What are the prospects for this line in general? —R. F. O., Toronto.*

To achieve proper perspective, the prospects for Trans Mountain must be considered against the general background of the oil industry on this continent and the Canadian scene in particular.

Trans Mountain, which had high hopes of achieving an initial operating rate of 120,000 barrels per day, has been operating at a level far below this and below the estimated "break-even" level of 45,000 barrels per day. According to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, first quarter deliveries to the Pacific Coast totalled 3,230,826 barrels. In comparison, oil imports to Montreal totalled 14,361,745.

The basic reason for this has been the lowering of tanker rates enabling lower price Middle East and Far East oil to enter the U.S. west coast market at a price that Trans Mountain deliveries have not been able to meet. According to *Petroleum Press Service* of London, crude imports into this area rose last year to a record rate of 81,000 barrels per day, of which 4/5 were from the Middle and Far East. In addition supplies averaging about 54,000 barrels per day were brought into the five Northwestern and Western states.

While this was going on, stocks of both crude oil and refined products continued to increase to record levels in the United States and, at last report, gasoline stocks alone at June 5, stood at a near record level of 173.7 million barrels. This drew criticism from the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco that 1/5 of the increase was accounted for by Pacific Coast inventories in the period under survey from April to December.

From all indications the market for oil on this continent and in the whole world, in fact, is badly saturated with surplus oil. World production in March set a daily production record of 12,352,100

behind all big companies . . . . there are women.

Look at the list of shareholders of any big business and you will see that a surprising number are women.

Years ago we realized the importance of women investors and opened a department to provide them with investment information. During the years, this department has grown to be a vital part of our business. Women customers rely upon us for advice concerning their investments. We analyze their portfolios, evaluate securities, give bond and stock quotations and assist in every way we can.

This Department is at the service of all women investors. Write, phone, or call in at our nearest office.

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont. Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria London, Eng. New York Chicago

Wood, Gundy & Company Limited

BABSON'S again offer their exclusive annual feature:

"THE OUTLOOK FOR EARNINGS"

These reviews provide estimates of 1954 earnings on a large selection of well-seasoned investment issues.

Unobtainable elsewhere, these estimates have a high record of accuracy and are invaluable to the investor seeking to separate the "sheep" from the "goats".

A definite "BABSON" opinion on each company provides excellent opportunities for accepting profits or making advantageous purchases at this juncture of the market.

These informative, painstaking studies are available to you for the nominal cost of mailing and handling. Simply pin a $2.00 bill or cheque to this advertisement, return it together with your name and address (PLEASE PRINT) and the bulletins will be sent to you as they are printed.

BABSON'S CANADIAN REPORTS, LIMITED
511 Harbour Commission Bldg. **Toronto 1, Ont.**
S.N.1

"MY BANK"
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
Canada's First Bank
BANK OF MONTREAL
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
AD98

When you travel carry...

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXPRESS
TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS AND MOST BANKS

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 270

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the SECOND day of AUGUST 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th June 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 28th May 1954

"Certificate of Registry No. C-1499 has been issued authorizing The Nordisk Reinsurance Company Limited of Copenhagen, Denmark, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only."

barrels. As a result the potential market for oil shipped through the TMP line is strictly limited to those refineries that are built, or building, to take its crude. To assume, as some commentators have done, that a market for Canadian refined products exists conveniently at hand ignores the U.S. tariff that begins at 5 cents per barrel on crude and rises steeply on refined products and the fact that Far Eastern markets are well supplied by such old competitors as Royal Dutch/Shell and Standard Oil from the same Far East sources that have been shipping crude to California.

For the immediate future, TMP is expected to be supplying the Fendale Washington refinery of General Petroleum, a Socony-Vacuum subsidiary, with 35,000 barrels per day upon completion and the New Shell refinery at Anacortes with 55,000 barrels per day next year.

As both Socony-Vacuum and Shell are important producers of Middle East oil, and Shell, with the world's greatest tanker fleet, is able to ship from the least expensive to the most profitable market, it is evident that the battle for markets will shut out Canadian crudes until producers drop prices to a competitive level, or below.

On such a picture it appears unrealistic to consider, let alone recommend, the purchase of the stock.

As an indication of the marketing situation, the Pembina field producers have apparently decided upon building a much longer line to Edmonton, to feed the Interprovincial Line, than the short line to connect with Trans Mountain.

The stock exceeded our October estimate of 28 by a move to 30 before dropping to 26. Heavy supply over 28 will invite further selling. Down objectives are indicated at 24 and 18.

In Brief

WHAT *should I do with shares of Saugenay Oil and Gas?—R. C. V., Montreal.*

You might bury them. The company is dead.

IS THERE *any use in keeping shares of Kir-Vit Mines purchased in 1939?—J. R. B., Oakville, Ont.*

Kir-Vit's had it.

I BOUGHT *some Coldstream Copper at 40 cents. Do you think it will ever come back?—S. E. N., Toronto.*

No.

HOW WOULD YOU *rate the 5¼ per cent bonds of Bathurst Power and Paper as an investment?—H. A. J. Winnipeg.*

Good.

I HAVE *some Surf Inlet that I paid 20 cents for. Now it is 12 cents. Any suggestions?—N. J. K., Toronto.*

Next time try "Tide".

Who's Who in Business

A Help To Moderation

By J. W. Bacque

AFTER A CAREER that has included such diverse activities as bush flying, chartered accountancy, industrial promotion and piloting Hurricanes in the Battle of Britain, Hartland deM. Molson, 47, is now president of Molson's Brewery Limited. One of the oldest firms in Canada (it was founded in 1786), Molson's has been a family business throughout its history, but the president believes in keeping a steady flow of new young executives coming into the company ranks.

"We have a youthful organization," he says. "We have added a lot of young and very competent men since the war." Mr. Molson is the seventh consecutive member of the family to have headed the firm, but he doesn't place undue emphasis on the antiquity of the tradition. He comments with a smile: "After all, tradition isn't very fashionable in business nowadays."

Nakash

HARTLAND deM. MOLSON

More important to Mr. Molson is the place the company occupies in the community: "There's a certain responsibility that goes with a large business," he says. "It's not purely a money-making medium, although we want to make money. We want it to be a good place for our employees to work —where they can be as prosperous and happy as possible. We like having sons and grandsons here."

Accusations that Molson's has been unsympathetic to labor unions are not well founded, the president says emphatically. "The company union we have is the result of a decisive popular vote held by the employees themselves," he points out. "Yet any worker can join the national or international union of his choice."

Mr. Molson received his education at Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, Quebec, at Charterhouse in England and at the Royal Military College, from which he graduated in 1928. After several years with McDonald, Currie and Company in Montreal, he left Canada to work in La Banque Adam in France. Then, interested in the potentialities of bush flying in Canada, he went into Dominion Skyways, flying in Northern Quebec and Ontario. At first, he and his partner had only two aircraft; within four years, they had added eight planes and expanded the operations until, in Mr. Molson's own words, "there was a period when Rouyn, our main base, was one of the most active airports on the North American continent".

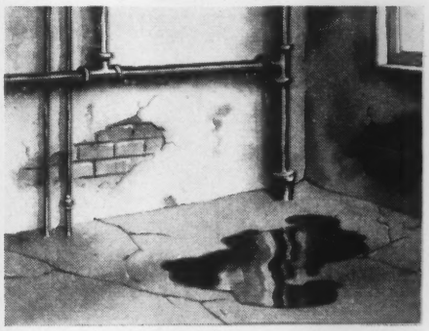
In 1938, when his father fell ill, Mr. Molson was asked if he would like to go into the family business. He accepted, sold out of Dominion Skyways and was just beginning to grow accustomed to Molson's when the war broke out. He was one of the first to join the RCAF, and during the critical air battles in 1940 in Britain, was a fighter pilot. He was shot down and, after a convalescent leave, returned to service on Canada's East coast, retiring at the end of the war as a Group Captain, having been awarded the OBE.

He returned to Molson's as vice-president and secretary, to help direct a $10 million expansion program. His election to the presidency came in 1953, at the same time the company announced further construction plans. "Our new brewery in Toronto will have a capacity of 300,000 barrels," Mr. Molson says. "It should come into operation during 1955."

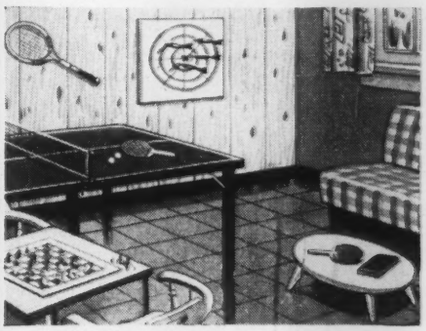
He visits his year-round home in the Laurentians every week-end with his family, and he likes to fish, swim and ski there.

"I'm all in favor of real temperance," he says, "and I'm completely opposed to prohibition. Beer is a drink that has been popular for a very, very long time. In England, during the war, when most things were in short supply, it was never suggested that beer should be rationed. It's a drink that helps rather than hinders moderation."

How to turn a damp basement into play space



BEFORE: Even starting with a damp, unattractive basement like this . . .



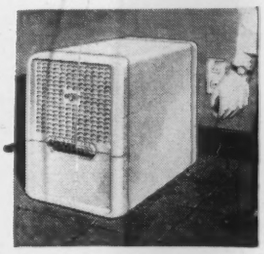
AFTER: Here's what imagination and surprisingly few dollars can do!

Wasted basement space can be made into your family's favorite fun spot. But don't let moisture warp and mildew furniture . . . cause rust, musty odors and paint to peel. *Banish dampness first with a Frigidaire Electric Dehumidifier* (plugs in . . . no installation costs). One unit will stop moisture damage in any closed area up to 10,000 cu. ft.! It's portable, can be easily moved from one location to another.

See your Frigidaire Dealer for further details. For free folder, write Frigidaire Products of Canada Limited, Toronto 13, Ont.

Only 18¼" high
20½" long
11¾" wide

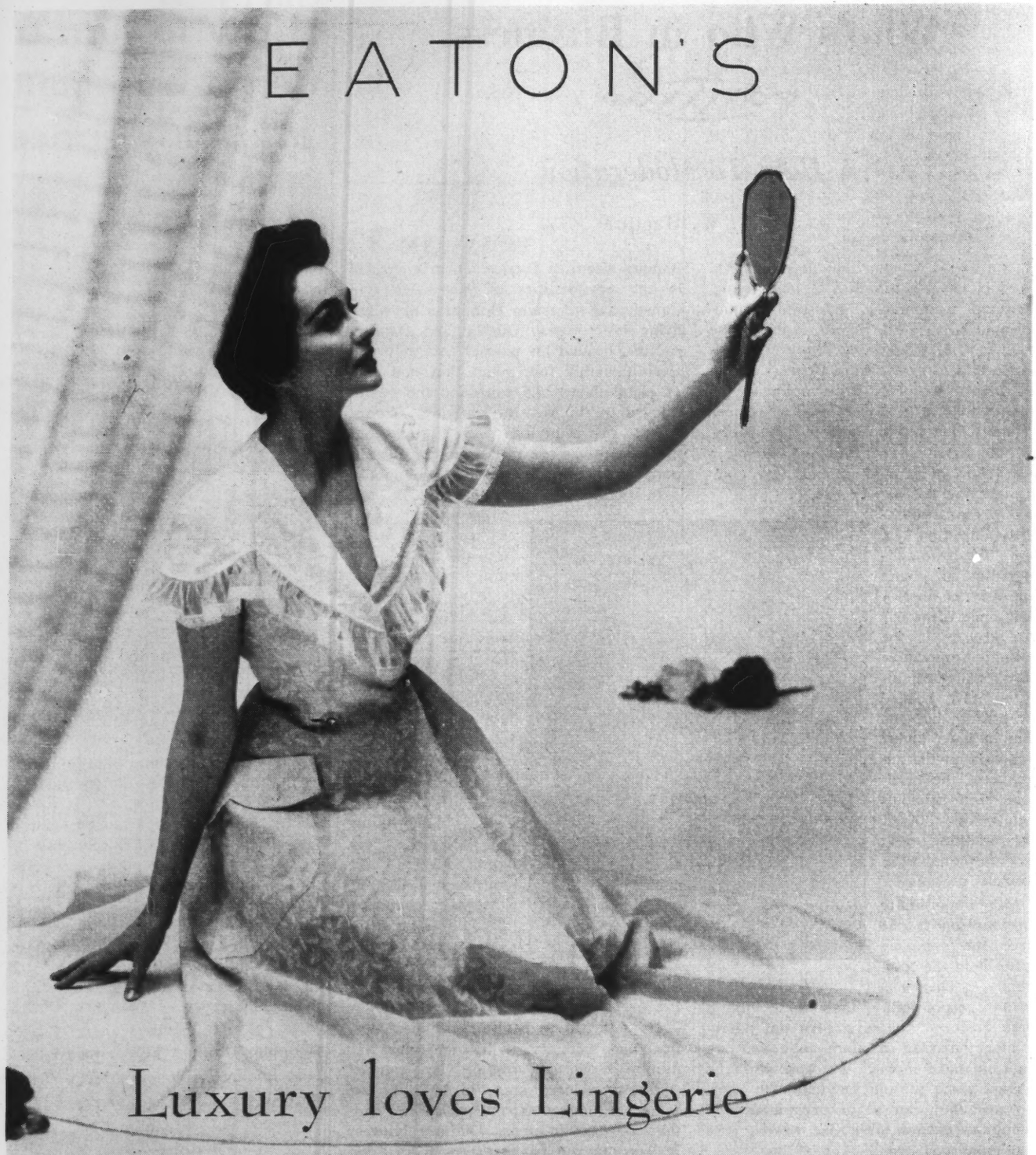
Powered by famous Frigidaire Meter-Miser



FRIGIDAIRE
ELECTRIC
DEHUMIDIFIER

***Built and backed* by General Motors**

EATON'S



Luxury loves Lingerie

. . . in every season, at every age, lovely underthings and negligees of silk, nylon and lace — for travelling or weekending or quiet moments at home . . . Here, just one from the new Collection of Summer Negligees at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

women

"HULA PRINT": *this hand-screened print on Pima cotton is from a collection imported from Hawaii by Mallek for his Vancouver and Victoria stores. The designer, Tiana Pittelle, is originally from Montreal. She became a buyer for a big U.S. store; went to Honolulu for a vacation and remained to open a shop and eventually to go into the wholesale business. Her cottons start around $49.50.*

Conversation Pieces:

WHEN WOMEN get together for any length of time, the conversation inevitably turns to hair-management. This is a subject where all age-groups, income brackets and intelligence levels meet on common happy ground. Chief sub-divisions of discussions are the permanence of permanents, the advisability of cutting ("You don't have to do anything about it"), the advisability of keeping it long ("You can do so many more things with it"), the advantages of tinting and dyeing ("Everybody accepts the idea these days"). It can go on for hours and seems to be the one subject, apart from the intractability of cleaning women, that is guaranteed to segregate the sexes at any mixed party.

Dry-cleaning, on the other hand, is a topic in which men may be expected to take an interest. As a rule they pay the $9.98 for the little garment that looked, as the salesladies say, wonderful "on". They also pay for the replacements when the $9.98 number comes back from the cleaners. In addition, they must listen to the telephone arguments over warped plastic buttons and mysterious alterations in silhouette when rubber accessories melt and fuse. Tempers fray like cheap seams during these discussions and all to no purpose.

The Canadian Institute of Launderers and Cleaners, meeting not long ago in Montreal, pointed out that women almost invariably make the mistake of placing attractiveness over serviceability in buying clothes. The Institute members would like to see this corrected, dreamers that they are. What woman would choose to look serviceable if she had any hope of looking attractive? What man, even a professional dry-cleaner, would prefer her that way?

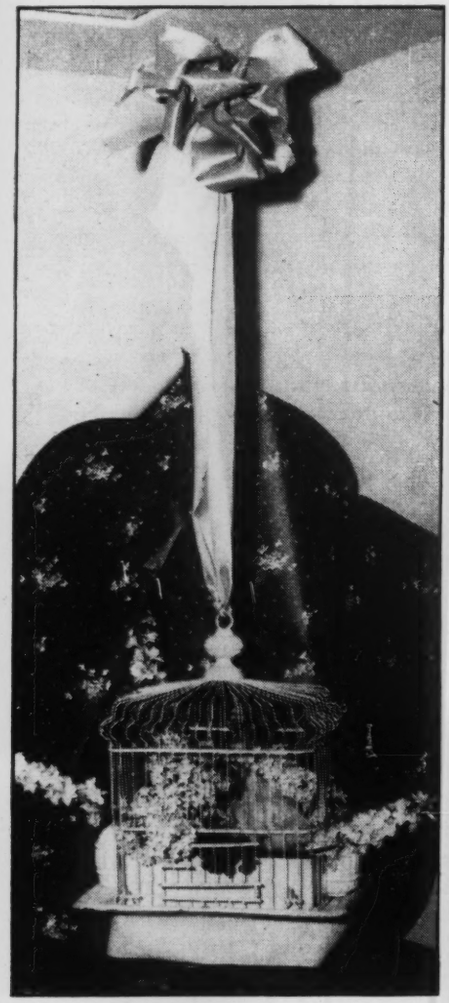
Societies known as "Smokers Anonymous" are springing up in various centres. So far, however, there is no report on how the members of the new organization spend their social evenings. Since either boredom or tension is likely to lead to smoking, the program would have to be arranged with care. The smoker's chief problem—what to do with his hands—will also have to be taken into consideration. Mild diversions, such as knitting, pottery-making and progressive croquinole might be permissible. Poker would be out. So would general debate, particularly of such incendiary subjects as Communism, Senator McCarthy, the rise in street railway rates, and (for smoking parents) progressive education. (N.B. Women members should avoid all discussion of hair-styling, which would inevitably drive male members into the opposite corner, to smoke like furnaces.)

Weskits, as they are playfully known, are now being promoted as "a standard male accessory". This is an encouraging note. The weskit hasn't really bloomed since the days of Disraeli, who used to turn up in waistcoats of scarlet or emerald or canary velvet. The Disraeli weskit wasn't a standard accessory even at that period, but it did a lot to brighten up the House of Commons and Buckingham Palace.

The optometrists, traditionally a sober lot, are beginning at last to catch up with the times. You can now get glasses for any occasion and any time of day. It is easy to see where this trend will lead, especially among the near-sighted. Evening glasses flashing with rhinestones will turn up in the morning on the golf course, while glasses edged with tartan and shepherd's checks will appear at formal evening parties. About all the movement promises is to add new complications to the special problems of myopia.

DISCUSSING *the annual Fête des Fleurs, arranged by the Ladies' Committee of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts: committee members Mrs. Pierce Decary (l), Helen Hodges and her dog "Lulu".*

PHOTOGRAPHED *beside a ballot box into which viewers cast their votes: committee members Mrs. G. Meredith Smith (l) and the Comtesse de Roussy de Sales.*



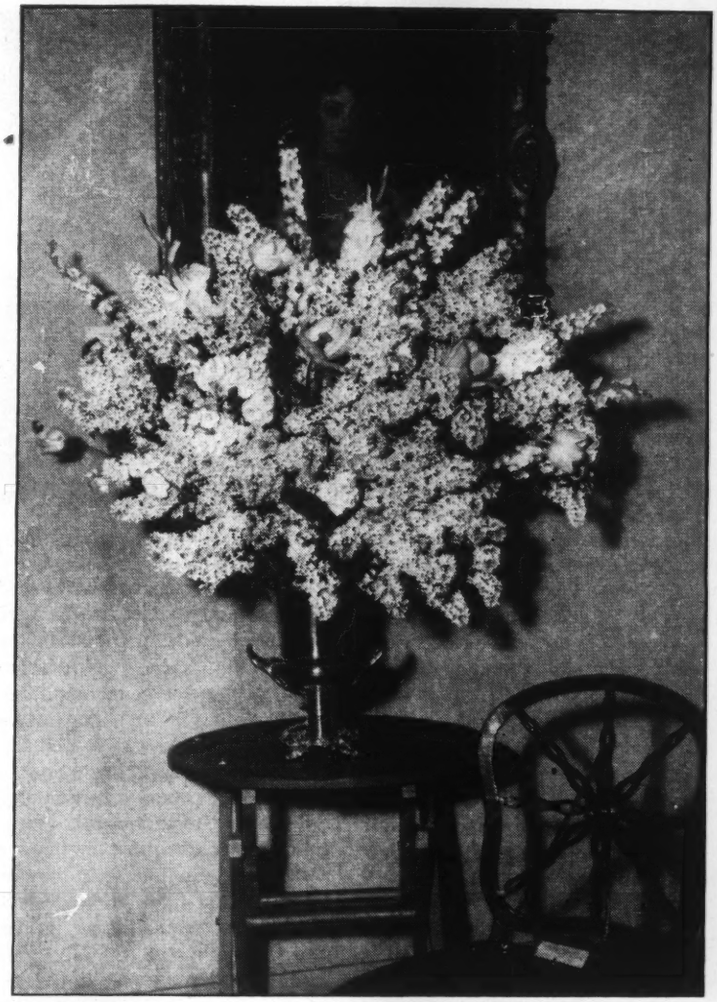
Third Annual Fete des Fleurs

A Competition for Amateur Floral Arrangements

ENTRY *by Françoise Pagnuelo in the "Show Case" classification: a white birdcage filled with purple and white lilac and stocks.*

Photos: Posen

WINNER *of the Popular Vote in the "Wild Flower" classification: a brown earthenware bean pot filled with assorted flowers and set in a large fringed sun hat; arranged by Mrs. Clary Booth.*



THIS ENTRY *won for committee member Mrs. George Daly the Popular Vote in the "Classic" category of arrangements. The all-white lilac and tulips are in a silver urn.*

Photos: Posen

COMMITTEE *members for the third annual Fête des Fleurs, arranged by the Ladies' Committee of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts to raise funds for the Museum: l to r, Mrs. René Gauthier; Mrs. Robin Watt, co-chairman; Mrs. Hugh Turnbull; Mrs. Albert Deschamps, co-chairman.*

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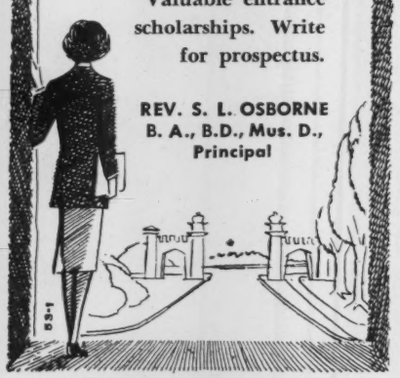

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For illustrated calendar write the Principal
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OVERLOOKING LAKE HURON

Fashion

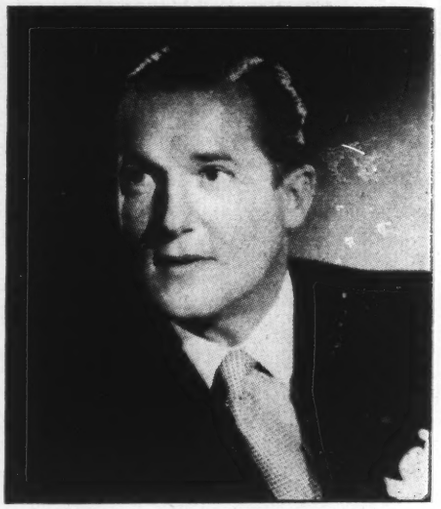
ARE WE in for a series of reminiscences on fashions by leading members of the *Haute Couture?* The latest one is *Just So Far* by Hardy Amies (Collins, $3.50), designer to the Queen.

Mr. Amies's autobiography gives an intimate and practical glimpse into the inner workings of his own salon, from the showroom to "cleaning and maintenance". But mostly it is his own story and that of the people with whom he has worked.

About his own collections he says: "Over the years I have found this proportion best; about 20 suits, about 20 day-dresses and about 20 evening dresses. Allowing a little leeway and perhaps adding two little numbers which may be just to give the whole thing a fillip, or merely for publicity, I arrive at a collection of some 60 to 64 models . . .

"We allow ourselves about a month actually to make the collection. Since we only work five days a week this is not a great deal of time to chop and change. There are often very important customers who insist on being fitted in this period. The picture, therefore, of a designer moonily draping a lot of silver lamé around a model, trying to make up his mind what he is going to do with it—or should I say them?—has always made me laugh. My model fittings come down as crisply as do those for customers. Often there are three going on at one time in the studio. If I have done my job well, I know exactly what I want and all I have to do is quickly to impart these wishes to the fitters."

"IT IS *the duty of the dress designer," says Hardy Amies, "so to vary the cut and design of a suit as to make it as feminine as possible, without departing from the canons of good tailoring." Photographed is one of his Spring suits from Holt Renfrew's Montreal collection, which illustrates his point of view.*



Baron

DESIGNER Hardy Amies, of London.

On the controversial subject of for whom women dress, he says: "When it is argued that women dress for women, I know that it is nonsense. They are madly interested in what other women wear, they love to out-do them, but only in the sense that there is rivalry between the window-dressers of stores. To women who say they dress entirely for themselves and take as much trouble with their appearance, even if they are spending an evening alone, I say this is only a habit of coquetry that cannot be suppressed, or is finding a substitute."

On the present fashion, he says: "Let us take the bodice. All through the twenties the breasts were just calmly ignored, but interest revived in the thirties to such an extent that, after the war, evening dresses literally depended on that one part of the anatomy, for the strapless bodice was built around it. Today, any dress demands that it shall flatter the bust into well-defined roundness. The depth of décolleté now permissible is also considerable. All this is surely a glorification of feminine attributes at their best."

We were most interested in one comment of Amies's: "Most European fashions are aimed at the woman of thirty. Most American fashions direct themselves to a group a good ten years younger—which is the secret of their success at play clothes."

Beauty

By Margaret Ness

WE'VE entered the season of sunburns and huge glamour sun-glasses. As a protection against burn and glare the new carelessly frayed straw hats are ideal for casual life—and even for weddings. The bridesmaid models in a London fashion show were wearing them, too. The floppy, frayed straw hats and the cotton dresses with natural straw overskirts were the inspiration of Italian designer, Emilio Pucci.

It's the season when everyone wears pretty-pale make-up, except for late evening dates, when subdued lights demand a more vibrantly colored lipstick. With pink one of the fashion colors this summer, a lipstick in this tone is even more essential than in previous years. However, the color of the hair and the complexion still determine the intensity of the pink.

It's the season of more delicate scents. Even the sophisticate finds the heady perfume she wore in the winter just a trifle too overpowering and the florals come into their own.

The flower perfume industry started in southern France at Grasse, which originally was famous as a glove centre. The glove-makers started perfuming their gloves in the time of Catherine de Medici. Now acres and acres of flowers are cultivated to provide the scents. The flowers are cut by hand in the early morning, when they yield more oil than later in the day. The king of flower oils is jasmin. Practically every good perfume contains at least some of its natural oil. The flower originated in India and was brought to Southern Europe by Arab traders.

Perfume has been known to mankind almost from the beginning of time. Because of the pleasurable response it arouses, it was used in early days as an offering to the gods. Our oldest records mention musk, which was used in China. The Hindus found that different scents induced various moods. But it was the Egyptians who were the first to extract from flowers the essential oils that go into the making of perfume. When King Tutankhamen's tomb was opened, alabaster vases of unguents were still fragrant after being there nearly 3,300 years. This seems proof positive that all perfume and cologne should be kept on a dark shelf. Sunlight tends to change the color and excessive heat causes the alcohol to evaporate swiftly. So, during the summer months, store your favorite cologne in the refrigerator. Put your skin freshener there, too, and use it to cool your face before applying make-up.

Elizabeth Arden

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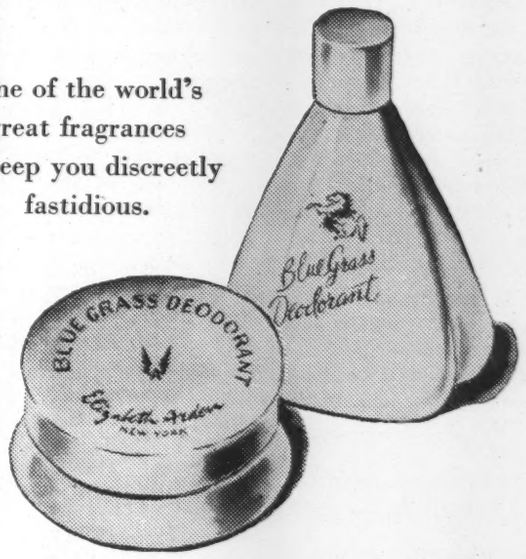

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NEW FALL TERM:—*New Boarders—Wed., Sept. 8—Returning Boarders—Thurs., Sept. 9—School Opens—Fri., Sept. 10*

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Letters

Comic Books

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W. A. FERGUSON, Principal,
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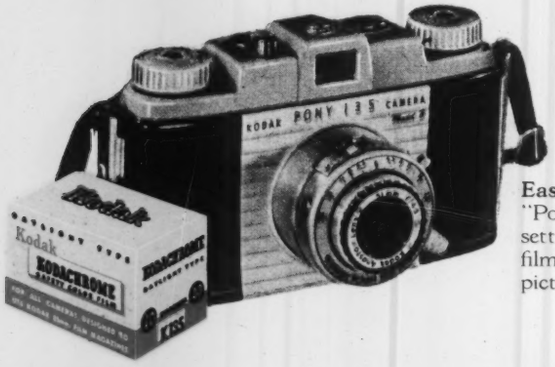

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